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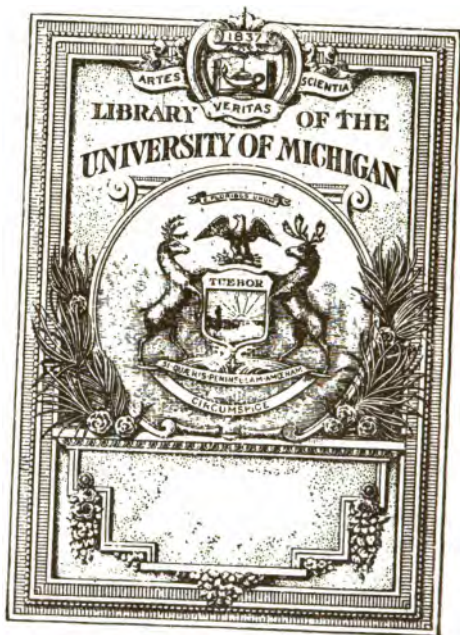
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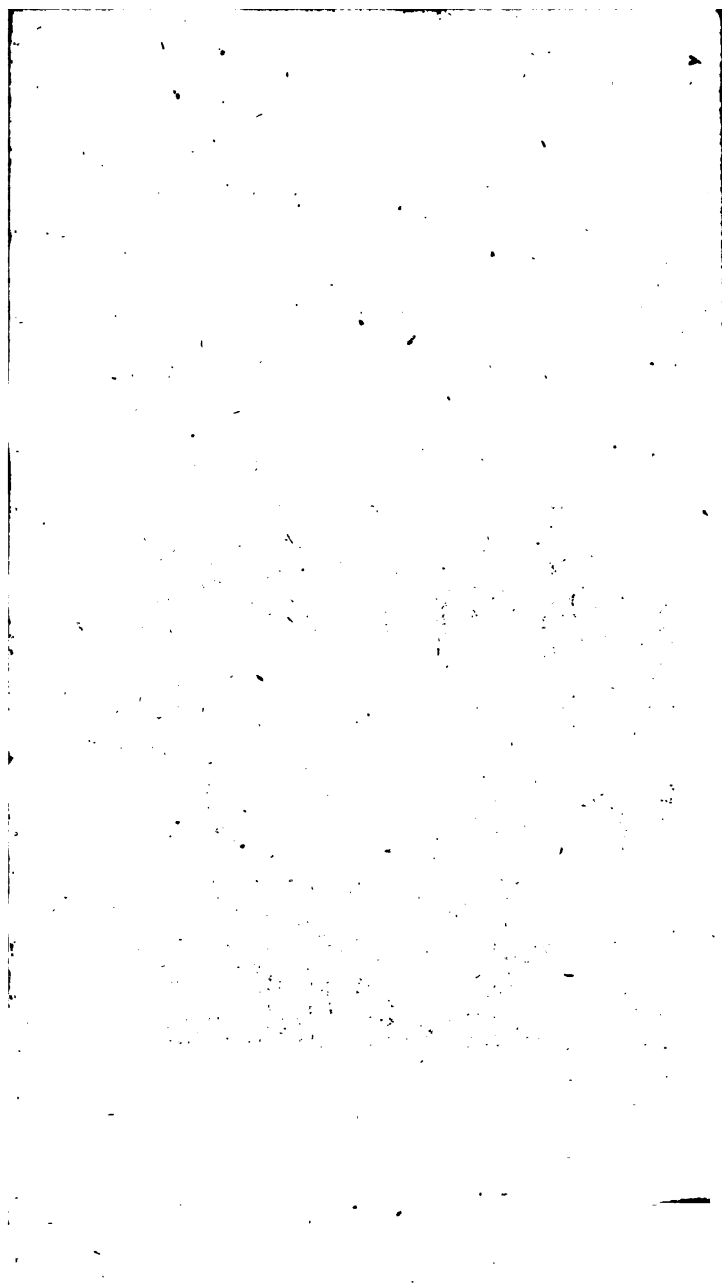
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Richard Graves

T H E

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE:

O R, T H E

SUMMER'S RAMBLE

O F

Mr. GEOFFRY WILDGOOSE.

A C O M I C R O M A N C E.

T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

— pudet hæc opprobria nobis

Et dei potuisse —

Humour without a moral is buffoonry.

HOR.

HUGHES.

V O L. III.



L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL,

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[v]

C O N T E N T S

O F

THE THIRD VOLUME.

B O O K IX.

CHAP. I.

GOOD Effects of Mr. Wildgoose's Labours.

p. 1

CHAP. II.

The Hotel at Tewksbury.

p. 7

CHAP. III.

Life of a Stroller. Criticisms on Shakespeare.

p. 7

CHAP. IV.

State of Religion at Worcester.

p. 12

CHAP. V.

An unexpected Rencontre.

p. 14

CHAP. VI.

A just Character of Lady Lyttelton, from a discarded Servant.

p. 19

CHAP. VII.

A Sketch of The Leasowes, and of the Character of the worthy Possessor of that Place.

p. 23

CHAP. VIII.

A Practical Lecture against the Vanities of this World.

p. 27

A 3

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p. 7

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p. 7

CHAP. IV.

State of Religion at Worcester.

p. 12

CHAP. V.

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p. 14

CHAP. VI.

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p. 19

CHAP. VII.

A Sketch of The Leasowes, and of the Character of the worthy Possessor of that Place.

p. 23

CHAP. VIII.

A Practical Lecture against the Vanities of this World.

p. 27

A 3

CHAP.

viii CONTENTS OF

C H A P. XIII.

Family Prayers; followed by Repartees. p. 115

C H A P. XIV.

A Morning Conversation on the Back Stairs.
p. 119

C H A P. XV.

On the Expediency of a regular Ordination. p. 121

C H A P. XVI.

A Lecture in the Servants Hall. p. 125

C H A P. XVII.

Lady Forester's Morning Engagement. p. 129

C H A P. XVIII.

A Scene more agreeable than the last. p. 132

C H A P. XIX.

A slight Alarm. p. 135

C H A P. XX.

The Lawfulness of eating a good Dinner. p. 137

C H A P. XXI.

Protestant Nunneries. The disconsolate Widow.
p. 141

C H A P. XXII.

Frailty not confined to Females. p. 148

C H A P. XXIII.

Wonders of the Peak. p. 151

C H A P. XXIV.

View of a Lead-mine. p. 156

C H A P. XXV.

Beauties of Nature. p. 162

C H A P.

THE THIRD VOLUME. ix

CHAP. XXVI.

Narrative of a licentious Amour. p. 164

CHAP. XXVII.

The Narrative continued. p. 168

CHAP. XXVIII.

Its fatal Event. p. 170

CHAP. XXIX.

A Remedy against Suicide. p. 174

CHAP. XXX.

Love triumphant over Sensuality. p. 178

CHAP. XXXI.

More nocturnal Perils. p. 180

BOOK XL.

CHAP. I.

The two Pilgrims decamp, without Beat of Drum. p. 184

CHAP. II.

A learned Inn-keeper. Mr. Wildgoose meets an old Acquaintance. p. 188

CHAP. III.

The last Efforts of expiring Vanity. p. 192

CHAP. IV.

A Parody on the Speech of Jaques, in Shakespeare's As you like it. p. 197

CHAP. V.

Trifling Difficulties. p. 201

CHAP.

x C O N T E N T S O F

C H A P. VI.

*Tugwell is under a Necessity of drinking Strong-beer
instead of Small.* p. 203.

C H A P. VII.

The fortunate Isabella. p. 208.

C H A P. VIII.

Further Account of her. p. 211.

C H A P. IX.

A curious Inscription. p. 217

C H A P. X.

Mr. Wildgoose makes a new Acquaintance. p. 219.

C H A P. XI.

At Warwick. p. 223.

C H A P. XII.

Olympic Honours. p. 225

C H A P. XIII.

Mr. Wildgoose's Farewell Sermon. p. 227

C H A P. XIV.

Work for the Doctor. p. 230

C H A P. XV.

An old Gentleman in Black arrives. p. 233.

C H A P. XVI.

Character of Dr. Greville. p. 235.

C H A P. XVII.

Dr. Greville and Mr. Wildgoose. p. 239

C H A P. XVIII.

At Dr. Greville's. p. 242.

C H A P.

THE THIRD VOLUME. xi

CHAP. XIX.

Mrs. Mahoney's Intelligence canvassed. p. 247

CHAP. XX.

Mr. Wildgoose retires to Rest. p. 249

BOOK XII.

CHAP. I.

The Inn at Warwick. p. 253

CHAP. II.

Kitchen-stuff. p. 257

CHAP. III.

At Dr. Greville's. p. 260

CHAP. IV.

At Mr. Townsend's. p. 264

CHAP. V.

At Dr. Greville's. p. 268

CHAP. VI.

An Interview. p. 278

CHAP. VII.

Mrs. Mahoney's Story finished. p. 280

CHAP. VIII.

At Dr. Greville's. p. 285

CHAP. IX.

An Invitation to Mr. Townsend's. p. 288

CHAP. X.

At Stratford upon Avon. p. 289

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. XI.

More Lumber yet; a Wife and two Children. p. 292

CHAP. XII.

A Plan for Reformation. p. 295

CHAP. XIII.

The Subject continued. p. 297

CHAP. XIV.

Mr. Wildgoose's Reception at Home. p. 301

CHAP. XV.

Jerry Tugwell's Reception at Home. p. 306.

CHAP. XVI.

The grand Point settled. p. 309

CHAP. XVII.

Modern Taste, and that of our Ancestors. p. 312

CHAP. XVIII.

Other Matters adjusted. p. 314

CONCLUSION.

p. 319

THE

THE
SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

B O O K IX.

C H A P. I.

Good Effects of Mr. Wildgoose's Labours.

BOTH Wildgoose and his friend Jeremiah, having each of them been somewhat disappointed (the former in his expectation of meeting Miss Townsend at Gloucester, and the latter in his hopes of returning home to his Dame Dorothy), travelled on for some time with a kind of solemn taciturnity. Tugwell, at length, ventured first to break silence, by observing, "that they might now
" have got home in one day's time, if so be as

VOL. III.

B

" how

2 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ *how* his Worship had been so disposed.”— Wildgoose replied, with some degree of peevishness, “ Why, Jerry, to be sure, you are “ not my hired servant; and I cannot oblige “ you to attend me against your will: but how “ can you think so meanly of me, as to imagine I will desert my post, and not execute “ the commission which Mr. Whitfield has “ given me; especially as Heaven has inclined “ the hearts of such numbers to listen to my “ instructions, and I have so fair a prospect of “ *converting* so many poor souls from the error “ of their ways?”

“ *Convert* them!” says Tugwell. “ Odhang “ it, Master! why, to be sure, your Worship does preach main well, that is certain; “ but, as for *converting*, methinks some of “ them are only *converted* from bad to worse. “ There is the Barber now: he was poor “ enough, I believe, when we first went to “ his house; but he is now *converted*, from a “ poor, honest Shaver, to a wicked Robber, “ and, from *scarifying* men’s faces, to *terrifying* “ folks upon the highway.”— Wildgoose was not pleased with being reminded of this unlucky instance; but said, “ the Barber’s “ was a particular case; that he was perfect “ cuted

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE. 3

“cuted by his neighbours, and driven by
“necessity to one wicked attempt; and that,
“he made no doubt, the Barber was still in
“a state of Grace, though appearances were
“against him.”

“Then there is Madam Sarfenet,” says
Tugwell; “to my thinking, she was a very
“good sort of woman before she was *convarted*,
“and maintained her mother and her sister;
“and I saw them at dinner upon some good
“roast mutton and baked pudding; and
“now, since she has been *convarted*, it seems
“to be but poor with them; or else, me-
“thinks, they would have had a bit of soft
“cheese, or butter, with their bunch of
“radishes last night.”

Wildgoose not thinking it worth while
to make any answer to his friend's observation,
silence again ensued for some time; and, in
short, nothing material befell the two tra-
vellers before they reached Tewksbury, about
twelve o'clock; where they halted for an
hour or two, to refresh themselves in the heat
of the day.

CHAP. II.

The Hotel at Tewksbury.

MR. Wildgoose, enquiring of my Landlord where they stopped, "what he could have to eat," was answered, "Whatever you please, Sir; but," continues mine Host, "you may dine with us, if you chuse it. We have a fine leg of veal, an excellent gammon of bacon, and a couple of charming fowls roasted; and only two very civil Gentlemen and a Lady, that quarter in the house, dine with us."

Though Wildgoose was not very hungry; yet the bill of fare, and my Landlord's account of the company, inclined him to accept of his invitation.

When dinner came in, there appeared, besides my Landlord and his wife, an old Lady about fifty, one Gentleman about the same age, and the other seemed to be about twenty-five.

The leg of veal, which my Landlord had mentioned, was only the knuckle, cut pretty close;

close; and the bacon, the most bony part of the fore-gammon: the veal was *red*; and the bacon *white*, the lean part I mean; for the fat, being thoroughly tinged with smoak, was of a different complexion.

As Wildgoose was not very fond of boiled veal, he would not rob the company of this part of their short commons, but reserved himself for the second course.

When the fowls appeared, they were full-grown, nicely roasted and frothed up, and looked tempting enough; but, when they were to be carved, my Landlord laid hold on one leg, and his wife on the other, and with some difficulty dismembered them. As the rest of the company were less complaisant than Wildgoose, the wings were soon disposed of; so that he and my Landlord took each of them a drum-stick, which, Wildgoose said, "he always chose;"—and my Landlord said, "it was the best part of the fowl."

But now came the difficult part of the atchievement. The muscles of the leg were so hard, that no human jaw could possibly make any impression upon them. The Gentlemen, indeed, observed, "that even "the wings were a little tough."—"Yes,"

6 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

says my Landlord, " the flesh is *firm*; they " were well fed; Jemmy Cockspur is one of " the best feeders in the country."

And now the secret was out. They had had a cock-fighting the day before; and these fine plump fowls had died in the field of battle, after having triumphed victoriously for five or six years successively. In short, poor Wildgoose, after sucking the drum-stick, and licking up his parsley and butter, concluded his dinner with a good slice of Gloucestershire cheese and a crust of bread.

Tugwell, however, who regarded more the quantity than the quality of his food, fared better in the kitchen, where was a good pan-full of cow-heel fried with onions; on which Jerry made a very comfortable meal.

CHAP.

C H A P. III.

The Life of a Stroller. Criticisms on Shakespeare.

AS Wildgoose had leisure enough, during his repast, to make observations upon the company; he was studying their several characters, in order to suit his spiritual advice accordingly. He was at first a little puzzled to guess at their several professions. There was a sort of shabby smartness in their dress, that suited neither with the rank of a Gentleman, nor that of a Tradesman. The young man had on a faded green cloth, which discovered the marks of a gold lace, that had probably been ripped off to answer some particular exigency. Wildgoose observed, that his companion called him "Your Highness." The elderly man had a black crape about his neck, a ramillee wig, and a pair of half jack-boots, with the tops of some old thread stockings pinned on; which riding-dress seemed to be no otherwise necessary, than to supply the want of shoes and stockings. The old Lady had a long black cardinal, and

B 4

something

8 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

something like a cambrick handkerchief pinned round her head.

The old man happened to assert some trifling matter upon his *honour*: to which the young man replied, in heroics,

“Honour’s a sacred tie, the law of kings:

“It is not to be sported with.—

“Syphax! thou art a false old traitor.”

This speech convinced Wildgoose (of what he had before suspected), that they were part of a Company of Strollers. The Company were on their route from the West of England to Birmingham; and were to perform Cato that night in a barn, to defray their expences upon the road.

The old man was to play Syphax, and was the very character he intended to act. He had a most villainous physiognomy, and seemed, by his conversation, to have been a Street-robber. The old Lady was to appear in the character of Marcia, though she had lost one eye; and, instead of an even “two-fold *bedge* of teeth,” as Homer expresses it, her broken snags were more like park-pales, or what school-boys in Latin verse call a *Dactyl*, that is, a foot of three syllables, the first long, and the

the two last short; yet the old Lady resembled Marcia in one respect,

“ The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex;”
for she was near six feet high, and (I will answer for it) had lived a most *virtuous* life for many years.

Juba had a swelled face, yet was really a genteel young fellow, and had had a good education; but, as he confessed to Wildgoose, had been ruined by his vanity, and a humour for spouting tragedy, which he had learned at school; for he had spent near two thousand pounds, which his father left him; and, though bred to a genteel profession, could never settle to business.

“ Then, I was quite an idolater of Shakes-
“ peare,” quoth the Player; “ and having
“ seen Mr. Garrick play Hamlet and Othello
“ two or three times, (he acts with so much
“ *ease*, as well as propriety, that) I imagined
“ it no difficult matter to succeed in the same
“ parts; which determined me to go upon
“ the stage.”

“ Why,” says Wildgoose, “ I have seen a
“ few Plays some years ago; and must own,
“ Mr. Garrick is almost the only Actor I have
“ met with, who keeps sight of Nature in his
“ action,

10 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ action, and has brought her back upon the
“ stage, whence, by all accounts, indiscriminate rant and unmeaning rhodomontade
“ had banished all truth and propriety time
“ out of mind. But, Sir, I profess myself
“ an enemy to all Theatrical entertainments;
“ and even to Shakespeare himself, in some
“ respects.”

“ Oh! Sir,” (cries the young Player, stretching out his hand) “ I must not hear
“ a word against our venerable Patriarch, and
“ great founder of the English Drama.

“ I will allow every objection that you can
“ imagine against him. I will forgive Ben
“ Jonson his malignant wish, ‘ that, instead
“ of one line, he had blotted out a thousand.’ I will not pull Voltaire by the nose
“ (though he deserves it), for calling his
“ Tragedies *monstrous Farces*. I will grant the
“ Frenchman, he has offended against the laws
“ of Aristotle and Boileau, and slighted the
“ unities of action, time, and place; that,
“ upon some occasions, he abounds in mixt
“ metaphors; and uses some harsh expressions,
“ which the age he lived in might *tolerate*,
“ and which are become venerable only by
“ their antiquity. But read one act, or even

“ one scene, in Hamlet, Othello, or Macbeth; and all these trifling criticisms disperse like mists before the orient sun.”

Wildgoose began to explain himself, and to give the conversation a spiritual turn. In order to which, he first observed to the Players, “ that their situation was very unfavourable to the practice of Religion.”—“ Religion !” (cries the Prince of Mauritania) “ I only wish we had any morality, or even common honesty, amongst us. No; we are Heroes, Kings, or Sultanas, upon the stage; but Beggars, Sots, or Prostitutes, in our private lodgings. There is the lovely Marcia,” (says he, whispering to Wildgoose) “ would drink you two quarts of ale now, if you would give it her; and, if she had six-pence in her pocket, Cato’s daughter would get drunk with gin before she came upon the stage. In short,” (continues the young Player) “ I intend to take my leave of them very soon.”

Old Syphax, hearing part of this declamation against the life of a Stroller, said, “ there was one agreeable circumstance attending it—that they frequently fell into company with some Gentlemen of fortune,

12 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ who would treat them with a bottle of wine, “ or a bowl of punch.” — This the wily African said in consequence of the intelligence he had gained from Tugwell in the kitchen, “ that his master had four or five “ hundred pounds a year.” — But Wildgoose not taking the hint, my Landlord, perceiving there was no more liquor called for, began to grudge such company the use of his parlour. He, therefore, bid the Waiter bring a bill; and Wildgoose soon after took his leave, and, with his trusty Squire, set out for Worcester.

CHAP. IV.

State of Religion at Worcester.

MR. Wildgoose, impatient to execute the commission which Mr. Whitfield had given him, traversed with hasty strides the spacious streets of Tewksbury; and, getting clear of the town, the two Pilgrims now ascended a little hill; when Wildgoose looking round him, “ I wonder” (says he) “ how “ many miles it is to Warwick.” — Then, without

without waiting for Jerry's reply, he trudged on again at a round rate.

Tugwell's inclinations still pointing homewards, he likewise made a soliloquy in his turn. "Odzookers! one might almost see our steeple, now, from this hill, and the smoke of my cottage. I wonder what our Dorothy is doing at home; and our poor dog!"

The travellers now proceeded without any interruption, and arrived at Worcester about eight o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Wildgose made immediate enquiry, "whether there was any religious Society in that city;" and found that only a few of the lower sort of people met once a week at a private house, whose zeal was kept alive by now and then an occasional Preacher that came amongst them; that a considerable part of the town had their attention taken up by their China-work, lately established there under the auspices of the ingenious and excellent Dr. Wall; that the learned Prebends were immersed in profound studies, or engaged in the care of their health; as their wives and daughters were at Whist or Quadrille. The two Pilgrims, therefore, set out again
early

14 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

early in the morning, and took the road towards Wednesbury, Dudley, and Walsal; which are the chief collieries and manufactories in that part of the country.

CHAP. V.

An unexpected Rencounter.

TOWARDS the middle of the day, our travellers came into the gravelly bottom of a deep valley, through which a silver stream ran winding along, shaded with alders, and inviting them to repose a little in so cool a retreat. Wildgoose, according to custom, pulled out a little godly Manual, and began to read; as Tugwell, by a kind of instinct, began to rummage his wallet, for something to eat; whose example having stronger attractions for the former, than his amusement had for the latter, Tugwell soon brought over Wildgoose to his party; and they took a comfortable noonchine together.

Whilst they were thus employed, two more travellers came, the contrary road, to the same spot; and, without much ceremony, fate

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE. 15

fate down to partake of so agreeable a shade. One of them looked like some mechanical handicraft; but the other (though his long hair was somewhat in the style of Ralpho in Hudibras), had a gentleman-like appearance, both in his dress and his address.

Wildgoose making some overtures by a few general topicks and introductory preludes, they soon entered into further conversation.

Two or three small birds coming to drink and bathe themselves, with great boldness and security, as the travellers were sitting in a calm repose; Wildgoose said, “that he
“ could never sufficiently admire the beauty,
“ elegance, and harmless innocence, of those
“ little animals of the winged creation; and
“ that he had often thought the familiar,
“ friendly, and almost conversable air, with
“ which some birds and other animals approached mankind, till they were alarmed
“ and frightened away by some violent motion
“ or menacing attitude, seemed to give credit
“ to the doctrine of Transmigration; as if
“ some of our own species were doing penance
“ in those animals, and wanted to express
“ their sufferings or complaints, or to renew
“ their intimacy with some old friend, or
“ former

“former acquaintance. At least,” continues Wildgoose, “one is puzzled, without some supposition of this kind, to account for the *final cause* of their creation; many animals being frequently persecuted and tortured in such a manner, as to make their being rather a curse than a blessing.”

The stranger replied, “that, when we come to talk of final causes, or the ends proposed by Providence in any part of the creation, we soon get out of the depth of our shallow understandings; though I am convinced,” says he, “that God has formed all his creatures with a capacity of being happy, if they do not forfeit it by their own fault.”

This discourse on Pre-existence brought on the subject of Predestination, Election, and Reprobation; which his Puritanical library, and his conversing with Mr. Whitfield, had taught Wildgoose to maintain in its strictest sense.

The stranger opposed his opinions with great vehemence; and said, “he would sooner renounce his Bible, than believe those doctrines, as Calvin of old, or Mr. Whitfield had of late, taught them.”—“Sir,” says Wildgoose, “I suppose then
“you

“ you are a follower of John Wesley’s.”—
 “ No,” replies the stranger; “ I am John
 “ Wesley himself.

Wildgoose started up with the utmost surprise, and accosted him with the most profound reverence and respect; and, by way of apology, said, “ that, although he had lately become
 “ personally acquainted with Mr. Whitfield,
 “ and confessed himself a convert to most of
 “ his opinions; yet he had so great a regard for
 “ all those who were embarked in the same general cause, that he was extremely happy in
 “ this opportunity of conversing with a man,
 “ whose character he had so long admired.”

He then acquainted Mr. Wesley who he himself was; when he found Mr. Wesley was no stranger to his character or conversion. Mr. Wesley returned the compliment, with a pious wish, “ that he might be able to give him any
 “ spiritual assistance.” After which, Wildgoose let him know his present situation, and his intentions of visiting the poor Colliers at Wednesbury, Walsal, and so forth. But Mr. Wesley began immediately to dissuade him from pursuing his scheme at present; “ for that he
 “ himself was, at this instant, escaped from a
 “ most violent persecution; that a large and
 “ enraged

18 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ enraged mob, stirred up by some interested
“ people, were now in arms, and in search of
“ every Preacher of their denomination; and
“ that it would be tempting Providence, to run
“ into the very jaws of that many-headed
“ monster, a drunken multitude, who knew
“ not what they did.”

An Enthusiast, like a man of courage, is so far from being dismayed by an appearance of danger, that he generally becomes more resolute. Wildgoose, therefore, was still more inclined to try the strength of his eloquence, and to proceed to Wednesbury; till Mr. Wesley assured him, “ it would be injuring the cause, “ to attempt to convince them, whilst their “ passions and prejudices were so strongly engaged on the other side.”—Wildgoose, therefore, stood corrected: and a man now coming up with Mr. Wesley’s horses, which he had been obliged to leave behind, Wildgoose took his leave; and, instead of pursuing the intended road, turned off towards Birmingham, in order to make the best of his way to the Lead-mines in the Peak of Derbyshire.

CHAP.

C H A P. VI.

A just Character of Lady L——n, from a discarded Servant.

OUR two Pilgrims being a little fatigued with travelling in so hot a day, they halted in the afternoon at a publick-house, in the neighbourhood of Hagley. Wildgoose, seeing a number of people drinking under a tree at the door, observed to my Landlord, “that *his* seemed to be a well-accustomed house.”—“Yes,” says mine Host, with an air of piety (taking Wildgoose for a Clergyman), “blessed be God! I have my share of custom at this time of the year, please God to send fine weather, as every body comes to see Hagley Park here.”—Wildgoose replied, “that his house seemed to stand well for the refreshment of travellers; but that he did not understand how he could bless God for some of his idle customers, who spent the money, which ought to support their families, in getting drunk, and making brutes of themselves.”—Mine Host replied,

replied, "that (to be sure) poor men, who
 " worked hard, and had no beer at home,
 " would now and then have a little good drink ;
 " but then," says he, " I never suffer them
 " to have more at my house, than they have
 " money to pay for."

Wildgoose then said, " he supposed Sir
 " George L——n's house was worth seeing,
 " as so many people came thither for that
 " purpose."—" Yes," (says a young man in
 a livery frock) " Hagley is a noble seat ; and
 " *abundance of quality resort* thither at this time
 " of the year."—Ah !" says my Landlord,
 " and Sir George has something at Hagley
 " better worth seeing than his fine seat. He
 " has, for his wife, the finest woman, and
 " the best Christian, in England. But,"
 says he, " my son here knows all about it ;
 " he was Under-butler at Sir George's ; and
 " Sir, as you seem to be a Gentleman, please
 " to step into this parlour, and I will tell
 " you more—(coming ! Sir, coming !)" —My
 Landlord then shewed Wildgoose into a little
 nook, divided from the kitchen by a partition
 of deal-boards, which prevented you from
 being seen, but not from being over-heard
 by any one that was disposed to listen. " Now,"
 (says

(says my Landlord) “ as I was telling you,
 “ Sir, my son was Under-butler at Hagley.
 “ But, Sir, betwixt you and I, the House-
 “ keeper is the d—n—st b—tch in Eng-
 “ land.” — “ Well, well,” says Wildgoose,
 “ I do not want to be let into family secrets.
 “ But my Lady, you say, is a very good
 “ woman.” — “ That she is” (says mine Host);
 “ and, if she had had her way, my son would
 “ never have lost his place.” — Though my
 Landlord was very full of this subject, he
 and his son did great justice to Lady L——n’s
 character: “ that there was not a poor per-
 “ son, a sick person, or a wicked person,
 “ within five miles of the place, but she found
 “ them out, and gave them money, physick,
 “ or good advice; and, what is more,” (says
 he) “ there is not an *idle* person, but she con-
 “ trives to employ them, and keep them out of
 “ harm’s way; and they mind what my Lady
 “ says, more than all the Parson preaches, or
 “ the Doctor can say to them when they are
 “ sick. Then,” continues he, “ my son says,
 “ my Lady has wit at will, and will *hold dis-*
 “ *course* with any Lord or Bishop that comes to
 “ Sir George’s table; and knows every thing
 “ that

22 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ that happened in former days *, or in foreign
“ parts *, as well as the best of them.”

Mr. Wildgoose said, “ he did not in the
“ least doubt the justness of my Landlord’s pa-
“ negyric; for that he had known Lady
“ L——n from a child (she being his coun-
“ try-woman); though he had not seen her
“ for some years.” He was then going to give
mine Host some spiritual instructions; when
Tugwell came to the door, to remind his Ma-
ster, “ that it was very dusty travelling, and
“ that he seemed to have forgotten their inten-
“ tion of calling at a public-house.” — My
Landlord then asked, “ what they would please
“ to drink?” But, there being no great va-
riety of liquors or provisions at this hotel, they
refreshed themselves with some fresh ale and
some new cheese; and then proceeded in their
journey towards Birmingham.

* The vulgar definition of History and Geography.

CHAP.

C H A P. VII.

A Sketch of The Leasowes, and of the Character of the worthy Possessor of that Place.

THE sun was now far upon the decline towards the West, when the two Pilgrims had passed a little market-town, on the Birmingham road, called Hales-Owen. As they walked on, they saw an object, amidst the woods, on the edge of the hill; which, upon enquiry, they were told was called, "Shenstone's Folly." This is a name, which, with some sort of propriety, the common people give to any work of taste, the utility of which exceeds the level of their comprehension.

As they ascended the hill, through a shady lane, they observed a Gentleman in his own hair, giving directions to some labourers, who were working beyond the usual hour, in order to finish a receptacle for a cataract of water, a glimpse of which appeared through the trees on the side of the road. As Wildgoose and his friend, partly out of curiosity, and partly to take breath, made a little pause, the Gentleman turned his face towards them; when Wildgoose immediately

24 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

immediately discovered him to be no other than his old acquaintance, the now celebrated Mr. Shenstone, whose place began to be frequented by people of distinction from all parts of England, on account of its natural beauties, which, by the mere force of genius and good taste, Mr. Shenstone had improved and exhibited to so much advantage. And this had discovered to the world his own fine poetical talents and polite learning, which, from his modesty, would otherwise probably have been buried in solitude and obscurity.

Mr. Shenstone soon recollected his old academical friend and associate; and, with that warmth of benevolence for which he is distinguished amongst those that know him, insisted upon his staying, that night at least, with him at The Leasowes; which invitation Mr. Wildgoose was sufficiently inclined to accept of, though he had not been prompted to it by his fellow-traveller, who never was so cynical as to slight the least overture towards an hospitable reception.

As they passed towards the house, Mr. Shenstone pointed out to his friend many of the beauties of his place. He shewed him his cascades, which are so deservedly admired, and the
reservoirs

reservoirs that supplied them; the prospects of the country from various points of view; his grove, dedicated to Virgil; his urns, statues, and his admirable inscriptions. He mentioned several people of the first quality, and, what Mr. Shenstone valued more, of the first taste, who had done him the honour to visit his place. And particularly he informed him, “ that he
 “ expected Lord D—tm—th, and some other
 “ company, the very next day; on which
 “ account, he had been inspecting his re-
 “ servoirs, got his walks cleaned out, and
 “ made the men work so late, in order to
 “ finish the cataract, where his friend had
 “ first seen him.”

As Wildgoose knew the elegance of Mr. Shenstone's taste, he could not but add his suffrage to those of the rest of the world, in admiring his place; and observed, “ that,
 “ doubtless, the pleasures we receive from
 “ gardens, woods, and lawns, and other
 “ rural embellishments, were the most in-
 “ nocent of any *amusements*; but then we
 “ should consider them as *amusements* only,
 “ and not let them engross too much of our
 “ attention; that we ought to spiritualize
 “ our ideas as much as possible; and that it

“ was worth while to enquire, how far t
 “ violent a fondness for these merely inanimat
 “ beauties might interfere with our love
 “ God, and attach us too strongly to t
 “ things of this world.”

This gave Mr. Shenstone an opportunity in his turn, of combating his friend's enthusiastic notions; who (he found by his own account) had deserted the station in which his own choice and his Mother's approbation had fixed him, to sally forth and preach the Gospel, without any other call to that office than what a warm imagination had suggested and which a romantic view of converting sinners *at large* had prompted him to undertake.

The two friends, however, supped together very amicably; and, after drinking a cool-tankard, and spending a pretty late evening in talking over the incidents of their youth, which they had spent together in the University, Mr. Shenstone shewed his friend into an elegant bed-chamber, fitted up in a Gothic taste; to which the bed itself, the rest of the furniture, and the painted glass in the window, all corresponded. And contiguous to this, he lodged

lodged Tugwell, his trusty Squire and fellow-traveller, and wished them a good night.

C H A P. VIII.

A practical Lecture against the Vanities of this World.

AS soon as Mr. Shenstone rose in the morning (which was not always at a very early hour), he went up to his friend's apartment, to summon him to breakfast; when, to his surprize, he found both him and his companion departed, without taking leave of him; and upon Wildgoose's table was left the following letter:

“ My good Friend,

“ I am called hence by the Spirit: in the
“ visions of the night, it was revealed unto
“ me. I must own, that, like the good
“ Publius, you have received and lodged us
“ courteously; and my bowels yearn for your
“ salvation. But, my dear friend, I am afraid
“ you have set up idols in your heart. You
“ seem to pay a greater regard to Pan and
“ Sylvanus, than to Paul or Silas. You

C 2

“ have

28 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ have forsaken the fountains of the living
“ Lord; and hewn you out cisterns, broken
“ cisterns, that will hold no water. But
“ conscience beareth testimony against this
“ Idolatry. Behoweth down; Nebo stoopeth
“ I have delivered my own soul; and will
“ pray for your conversion. I am,

“ Your brother in the Lord,

“ GEOFFREY WILDGOOSE.

This extraordinary letter, and his friend's abrupt departure, greatly alarmed Mr. Shenstone: but, going out to view his principal cascade, he soon discovered the mystery; that his friend, imagining he was too much affected with the applauses which were bestowed on his good taste in laying out his place, had forced open his sluices, and emptied his reservoirs; so that, in a literal sense, his *cisterns could hold no water*, nor his cascades make any great figure that day. And, what was more distressful, he had thrown down a leaden statue of the Piping Fawn from its pedestal; which was a damage that could not easily be repaired before the arrival of his illustrious guests.

Mr. Shenstone was a little provoked at the first discovery of this incident; but, upon reflection,

section, could not forbear laughing at his old friend's frantic proceeding; and thought the singularity of the adventure would afford his guests as much entertainment, as a greater flash from his cascades, or as viewing his place in more exact order.

C H A P. IX.

A Discourse on Idolatry.

WHEN the travellers were got into the Birmingham road again; Tugwell, who did not rightly comprehend nor approve of his Master's conduct on this occasion, nor understand what he meant by saying, "that Mr. Shenstone quite idolized or worshiped those lifeless objects" — Jerry, I say, began now to express his apprehensions of the consequences of what they had done. "Odzooks!" says he, "it is well if the Gentleman does not get a warrant for us, and trouble us, for robbing his fish-ponds (as he may think we have), or for damaging his images." — He observed, moreover, that, as he seemed to be a sensible Gentleman,

30 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ tleman, he could not think he would be so
 “ foolish as to *worship* images, as the *Papishes*
 “ do. Why,” (continues Jerry) “ there
 “ is our Squire has got a naked *thing-em-bob*
 “ stands up in the middle of the grove (it
 “ is either the Virgin Mary, or Fair Rosa-
 “ mond, or Dinah * that was ravished by
 “ the Jacobites); and yet I never heard that
 “ the Squire, or any of the family, ever said
 “ their prayers to it, or worshiped it.”

“ Why, Jerry,” (says Wildgoose) “ a
 “ person may be guilty of Idolatry, by setting
 “ his affections too much upon any thing;
 “ upon riches or pleasures, a fine house or a
 “ fine child; and, in those cases, it is an
 “ act of friendship in any one, to take some
 “ method (as I have done with Mr. Shenstone)
 “ to wean them from those objects. And
 “ Providence, out of mere kindness, often
 “ deprives us of those things which we have
 “ so entirely fixed our hearts upon.”

“ Why, to be sure,” (says Tugwell)
 “ God Almighty may do what he pleases,
 “ for that matter: but then, if one *man* was
 “ at liberty to take away from another what-

* It was most probably Diana, that Jerry meant by this confused account.

“ ever

“ ever he had *set his heart* upon, they might
 “ take away one’s wife, or one’s cow, or one’s
 “ dog, or one’s ‘cat; and then there would
 “ be no living at peace in the world. Now,
 “ there is my dog Snap; I *loves* him almost
 “ as well as I do my wife; and, if the best
 “ man in Gloucestershire were to steal my
 “ dog, I would take the *law on him*, if there
 “ was any law to be had in the kingdom.”

Wildgoose did not think it material to continue the dispute; but it occurred to him, in the course of this conversation, how much his affections were attached to Miss Townsend. This, however, he considered as a spiritual attachment; he intending only the good of Miss Townsend’s soul by an union, which, from the little encouragement she seemed to have given him, he had some slight hopes of effecting. This project engaged his thoughts in an agreeable reverie; which prevented any further conversation till they arrived, about eight o’clock in the morning, at Birmingham.

CHAP. X.

Slight Persecutions.

AS Mr. Wildgoose intended, if nothing very extraordinary prevented it, to visit the colliers at Wednesbury on his return; he made no longer stay in Birmingham than whilst he himself took some slight refreshment, and Tugwell an hearty breakfast, at the first inn they came to; and then proceeded towards Litchfield, in their way to the Peak of Derbyshire.

As they walked through Birmingham streets, they heard two or three fellows in a workshop, up two pair of stairs, quarreling, swearing, and cursing, in a most tremendous manner. Wildgoose, thinking it incumbent upon him to reprove their profaneness, made an halt; and, beckoning with his hand, called out to the vociferous garreteers, "to hold their blasphemous tongues."—The litigants, observing a man of a tolerable appearance addressing himself to them, were silent for a moment; but, when they heard Wildgoose, with an
air

air of authority, charging them, in the name of the King of kings, "not to take the name of God in vain;" with a mixture of mirth, indignation, and contempt, they redoubled their oaths and imprecations upon the Preacher; and one of them emptied the stale contents of an unscovered piss-pot full upon the heads of him and his companion. As Mr. Wildgoose was got almost into the middle of the street, in order to direct his voice to them more commodiously, he received only a slight sprinkling of their intended kindness; but, as Tugwell stood just under the window, with his mouth open, waiting the event of his Master's exhortation, he received a more liberal portion, part of which came full into his mouth, and penetrated pretty deeply into the cavity of his throat.

Wildgoose, observing the inefficacy of his rebuke, cried out, in the Apostolical style; "Well, my brethren; I have delivered my own soul: look you to it; your *blood* be upon your own heads!"

Tugwell, being less patient (at this ill return of their intended favour), spitting and rubbing his face, and shaking his cloaths, exclaimed with some indignation against his

34 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

Master, for this unseasonable interposition;
 " Pok-i-cat take it, for me! the *blood*, and
 " guts, and the Devil, and all, I think, is
 " upon *our* heads: and it was no otherwise
 " likely; what, the *dickins*! had we to do,
 " with folks that were quarreling up in a
 " garret, and never troubled their heads about
 " us?"

" Well," quoth Wildgoose, " as the Ro-
 " man Emperor said, when he laid a tax upon
 " urine, ' the smell of money is sweet,
 " whencesoever it comes;' so, I can say,
 " persecution is sweet and wholesome, in any
 " shape whatsoever."—" Yes," says Tugwell,
 " even in the shape of a piss-pot, I suppose.
 " The smell of money may be sweet; but,
 " I am sure, neither the smell, nor the taste,
 " of what was thrown upon our heads was
 " either sweet or wholesome; at least, I had
 " rather your Worship should have it than
 " I, if you think it so very sweet and so whole-
 " some."

The hapless Pilgrims now passed on through
 Birmingham; Wildgoose leading the way,
 and Tugwell at some little distance behind
 him. Wildgoose, reflecting upon what had
 just happened, said, " he began to wonder
 " what

" what they had done, that the world was so
" civil to them."

" Odsbobs !" cries Jerry (looking up to
the window of a little shop), " there is a fine
" plumb-pudding !"

" The friendship of the world is enmity
" with God," continues Wildgoose.

" It is smoaking hot, juft out of the oven,"
says Tugwell.

" My zeal began to cool ; and I grew quite
" remifs in my duty," proceeds the Master.

" I have a great mind to have a penny-worth
" of it," says the man.

" But come, let us make the beft of our
" way, to refcue the poor Miners from the
" power of Satan," fays Wildgoose.

" I muft and will go back, and have a flice
" of that pudding," fays Tugwell.

Thus the Mafter and Man proceeded in a
kind of foliloquy, entirely inattentive to each
other. But, when Wildgoose difcovered his
fellow-traveller's gluttonous intention, and
faw him return with a good flice of pudding
in his hand, " Ah ! Jerry, Jerry" (cries he)
" fwallow thy fpittle, and fubdue thy appe-
" tite. I thought thou hadft juft fatisfied the
" demands of Nature with an hearty breakfast ;

38 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

the initial letters of " Julia Townsend," contributed more perhaps to keep alive Mr. Wildgoose's passion, than the most tender Epistle, or a complete view of her, might have done.

Wildgoose was deliberating with himself, whether he should not return to Birmingham, and find out Miss Townsend, especially when he had so good a pretence as that of returning her handkerchief; when Tugwell came up to him (with his jaws yet in motion from masticating his baked pudding); and cries out, " Well, Master, as God sends good luck, " let us be thankful, and spend it at the next " public-house. This white handkerchief " will buy us a quart of best drink, I will " warrant you; though, mayhap, it is " only cut out of the tail of an old smock."

Wildgoose was so provoked at Jerry's gross ideas, that he could hardly forbear striking him.—" Best drink!" (cries Wildgoose, pressing the handkerchief, which breathed the fragrance of lavender and eau-de-luce, with rapture to his breast) " I would not part with " it for the richest wines of Canary or Cyprus, " nor for all the wealth of the Indies."

" Odsbobs!

“Odsbobs! Master,” (says Tugwell) “you seem to be as fond of the young woman’s handkerchief, as I am of plumb-pudding. One would think it was a love-toy, and that it was given you by your sweet-heart. And, for that matter, it seemed to be a good plump young woman that dropped it out of the coach, and drest like a Queen. I suppose, she was daughter to some Squire, or some topping Button-maker here in Birmingham at least.”

“Ah! Jerry,” (replies Wildgoose) “I value this handkerchief, because it belongs to a very good girl. That young Lady in the chariot was no other than the Miss Townsend whom we saw at Mrs. Sarsenet’s at Gloucester.”

“What! the young woman that came after us to Bristol,” (says Jerry) “and was taken with *compulsion* fits at the Tabernacle? I thought I had seen her face before” (continues he); “but then she is got fatter than she was. I suppose, she has her belly-full now; which, belike, she had not at poor Madam Sarsenet’s, at Gloucester.”

Wildgoose did not like to have the object of his affection treated with so much familiarity;

40. THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

arity; and was also afraid of discovering to Jerry the situation of his heart. Neither was he yet determined whether he should return to Birmingham or not, and endeavour to get an interview with Miss Townsend. But, recollecting that the races at Warwick would be within a fortnight, which being the nearest meeting to his own native place, and fancying he had a particular call to bear his testimony against the lawfulness of those diversions, he was determined in himself (as soon as he had opened his commission in the Peak) to attend them. He therefore dropped the subject at present, and trudged on (at a good rate) towards Litchfield.

CHAP. XII.

Meet with a seasonable Invitation.

THE two Pilgrims having pursued their journey above three hours, and the turnpike road being very hot and dusty; Tugwell proposed, where they could commodiously do it, to walk through the fields within the hedge. This insensibly led them too far from the great road,

road, and brought them where two foot-paths led different ways; and they were puzzled which to pursue. Tugwell, therefore, went to make enquiries of a fellow that was at plow, in the adjacent field. At the end of the furrow, they saw an odd figure of a man, standing upright, with his eyes shut and his mouth open, his neck stretched out, and his hands hanging strait down, in the attitude of the Pierro in a Pantomime. Though the sun was burning hot, he had a green surtout coat on, with the cape over his head, and buttoned round the neck.

Wildgoose, as his ideas ran constantly upon religious objects, thought immediately it was some poor soul under the agonies of the New Birth, and waiting for the influx of the Spirit. He accosts him, therefore, in his own way, "God comfort your soul! my good friend," says Wildgoose. — The Gentleman, starting from his Swiss meditation or reverie (in which he had been unexpectedly surprized, and throwing himself into a tolerably genteel attitude; "Sir," says he, "I do not know you; but am obliged to you for your good wishes: though my body has more need of comfort than my soul, at present."—"What is the
" matter

"matter then," says Wildgoose, "if I may
 "make so free? What is your complaint,
 "Sir?"—"Ah!" says the Gentleman, "if
 "I could tell you that, I should tell you more
 "than all the Physicians in England have
 "been able to tell me."—"Where does
 "your chief disorder lie, then?" says Wild-
 goose. — "Why, Sir, I have a compli-
 "cation of disorders," replies the Gentleman.
 "I have the gout, the rheumatism, the scurvy,
 "a dropsy, and an asthma; and what not?
 "I have a *cachexy*, or bad habit of body,
 "which has brought on a nervous *atrophy*;
 "so that nothing I eat or drink will *nourish*
 "me. And what plagues me more than all
 "these is, a disorder which, perhaps, you
 "never heard of."—"Pray, what is that?"
 says Wildgoose.—"Why, a sort of convul-
 "sion, or hiccup, in the ear. In short, Sir,
 "I believe mine is a total decay of nature;
 "and I do not expect to live a month to an
 "end."

"Ha!" says Wildgoose, "that is very
 "surprizing. Why, Sir, you look extremely
 "well in the face."—"Ah! Sir," says the
 Stranger, shaking his head, "that is the very
 "thing that alarms me. I eat, drink, and
 "sleep

"sleep well. And so did a friend of mine
"look; and ate, drank, and slept well, to the
"very last; and yet died suddenly this last
"winter.

"I have, as you see, Sir, rather a ruddy
"complexion. But, then, if you observe,
"there is an odd sort of bluish cast mixt with
"it; which is a sure sign of an apoplectic
"habit."

"Come, Sir," says Wildgoose; "I fancy
"you are a little hippish; and, I hope, you
"fright yourself without any reason. But,
"pray, Sir, what crop are you plowing for,
"at this time of the year?"—"Why," says
the Gentleman, "I have had no other crop,
"than what you see, from this field these
"five years; and yet these three acres pay
"me better than any land I have."—"In
"what respect?" replies Wildgoose.—"In
"saving my Doctor's fees, and Apothecary's
"bills," answered the Gentleman. "You
"know, I suppose," continues he, "that
"nothing is so wholesome as the smell of new-
"plowed earth. I keep this little field, there-
"fore, in my hands for no other purpose;
"and make my servant, every day before
"dinner, turn up two or three furrows, and
"follow

46 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“happiness is not the product of any particular
 “place, or way of life; much less is it to
 “be found in a state of absolute inactivity:
 “that some employment was necessary, to
 “divert the mind from preying upon itself.
 “And, whereas I enjoyed good health, ate
 “with an appetite, and slept soundly, when
 “fatigued with business; I now found every
 “thing reversed: my sleep went from me;
 “my appetite was palled; even venison lost
 “its relish; and though, by constant attention,
 “and the use of several excellent medicines,
 “I have a little recovered my strength and
 “spirits, yet I am convinced it is all forced
 “and unnatural; for, though I am not sen-
 “sible of any particular complaint, yet, as,
 “I said before, I am daily apprehensive of a
 “sudden dissolution.”

Wildgoose was going to observe, “that he had
 “not yet found the true road to happiness; that
 “there was no real cordial for the miseries of life,
 “but an assurance that our sins are pardoned, and
 “the witness of the Spirit in our souls, that
 “we are the children of adoption:” but they
 were now arrived at the door of the Gentle-
 man’s house; which prevented any further con-
 versation for the present.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

The Life of a dying Man.

THE moment they had entered the hall, Mr. Slicer's old house-keeper, Mrs. Quick, met him with consternation in her looks. "Good-lack-a-day! Sir," (says she) "we have had a most terrible accident. You would not let the chimney be swept! I told you how it would be."—"What! is the chimney on fire, then?" says Mr. Slicer.—"Oh! no," says she; "but a whole heap of foot has fallen down into the fish-kettle, and entirely spoilt the carps. I very providentially caught up the loin of veal upon the spit; or else that would have been covered with dust and ashes."—"Well, well," (says Mr. Slicer) "accidents will happen; it is well it is no worse; we must dine without the carp, then."—"But, lack-a-day! Sir," (continues Mrs. Quick) "why did you stay so long? the fowls are boiled to a rag; and the veal is roasted to powder; and there is not a drop of gravy left;

“left; and the Parson and Mr. Selkirk
 “have been here, waiting for their dinner,
 “this half-hour.” — “Well, well,” (says
 Slicer) “if that be all, there is no great harm
 “done.——But——

“Let me see; I took my Bostock’s Cordial
 “this morning. Come, bring my Stomachic
 “Tincture: I will just take a few drops of
 “that, to strengthen my stomach; and a
 “little Balsam of Life, and one or two of my
 “Pilulæ Salutaræ; and then you may send
 “up dinner as soon as you will.”

“But,” (says Mrs. Quick) “if I had
 “known you would have brought any stran-
 “gers, I would have made a custard-pudding.
 “However, I can just beat up two or three
 “eggs, and a spoon-full of cream, and a little
 “orange flower-water, and make a little
 “pudding, in the catching up of a sause-
 “pan.”

Mr. Slicer said, “she might do as she
 “would.” Then, bidding her shew Tugwell
 into the kitchen, he took Mr. Wildgoose into
 an handsome parlour; where they found Mr.
 Slicer’s niece (who was come on a visit), with
 her little boy and girl; Mr. Selkirk, above-
 mentioned, who was a School-master in the
 village;

village; and a little sleek Divine, whose spruce wig, short cassock, his japanned shoes, and silver buckles (worn smooth with the daily strokes of the brush), gave him rather the appearance of an Arch-deacon, than (what he was) the Parson of the parish.

After an apology for making his company wait, Mr. Slicer introduced Wildgoose to them; and then took his Stomachic Tincture, his Balsam of Life, and his *Pillulæ Salutiferæ*, one after another; strongly recommending a dose of the Stomachic Tincture to Mr. Wildgoose, as “an excellent medicine, to fortify the stomach, and create an appetite.” Wildgoose waived the offer; and said, “he thanked God, he had a very good appetite, without any assistance of that kind.”

Slicer then bid the servant, “bring him Mrs. Stephens’s Medicine for the Stone and Gravel; which he never omitted,” he said, “since it was first discovered.”—“What! are you afflicted with the Stone and Gravel, then?” says Mr. Selkirk.—“*Afflicted!*” says Slicer; “no, Sir, God forbid! nor ever was *afflicted* with it; but, I suppose, I should have been *afflicted* with it before this time, if I had not taken this

Vol. III. D “admirable

50 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ admirable medicine. And, as every one
“ is subject, more or less, to gravel and fa-
“ bulous concretions, it is madness to neglect
“ so easy a precaution as this noble Lithon-
“ thriptic; which Providence has permitted to
“ be discovered, and for which the Parliament
“ has granted so handsome a reward.”

The servant having brought the preparation, with a large basin of veal-broth, Slicer swallowed the nauseous prescription with great alacrity; though the virtues, or even the safety, of that medicine have justly been questioned, notwithstanding the decision of our wise Legislators in its favour.

Wildgoose could not but express his astonishment at Mr. Slicer's credulity in this respect; and said, “ he was afraid he might injure his health by mixing together too many
“ of those *excellent* medicines, with which
“ the world now abounded.”

“ Sir,” says Slicer, “ I despise the common quack medicines, as much as you can
“ do; and never take any but what perform
“ their operations in a rational manner, and
“ whose effects I can in some measure account
“ for (for I know something of Physic
“ myself, by experience at least); such, I
“ mean,

“ mean, as either *brace up the relaxed fibres of*
 “ the stomach, and assist the concoction; or
 “ such as *cut, divide, and attenuate, the tough*
 “ and viscid *humours*, and prepare them to be
 “ thrown off by insensible *perspiration*; or
 “ such as *strengthen the nerves, comfort the*
 “ *brain*, and revive the spirits; or” (as an
 ingenious Writer expresses it) “ such as, *am-*
 “ *bitious of immortal fame, fly immediately to*
 “ the *part affected*, and *enter into contest with*
 “ the *peccant humours*, and either expel or
 “ subdue them.”*

Wildgoose and the rest of the company could with difficulty suppress their mirth, to hear poor Slicer thus retail the studied panegyrics of interested Empirics in favour of their own nostrums. But the little fat Rector of the parish, who was a good-natured and polite man, turned the conversation to some general topicks; and dinner soon made its appearance.

* All expressions taken from advertisements.

CHAP. XV.

A Remedy for Want of Appetite.

WHEN dinner came in, Wildgoose found that the old Housekeeper's apology was only words of course: for there were three fine full-grown pullets; an excellent Yorkshire ham; a loin of veal; and the custard-pudding, which Mrs. Quick had tossed up, adorned with currant-jelly; a gooseberry-tart; with other ornamental expletives of the same kind.

Wildgoose observed, "that although Mr. Slicer was careful enough about the *quality* of his food, yet he was less scrupulous about the *quantity* of what he eat." He would not touch a morsel of skin or fat, nor eat any butter with his veal or his boiled fowl, "because it eluded the *concoctive powers*," as he said; but he made shift to pick the very bones of a pretty large pullet, with two good large *vertebræ* and half the kidney of the loin of veal; not to mention a good quantity of supplemental pudding, gooseberry-tart, and apple-

apple-custard: so that it appeared probable, Mr. Slicer palled his appetite by overloading his stomach; that he destroyed his health by too great a quantity of *wholesome* food; and made work for the Doctor, by an unnecessary use of quack medicines; by infallible Nostrums, Restoratives, Cordials, Balsams of Life, Tinctures, Elixirs, and the like. For he could never read an advertisement of that kind, but he longed to make the experiment; taking it for granted, that every medicine had all the virtues it pretended to, and really performed all that its Vender engaged for in his *feeling* recommendation of it to the public.

C H A P. XVI.

History of a Long-liver, and other Chit-chat.

AFTER dinner, Mr. Slicer put round the bottle of port, but bid the servant bring him his *Scorzonera*-water. Mr. Selkirk asked him, “ what the virtues of that *Scorzonera*-water were, which he observed he drank every day after dinner ? ” — “ I do not know

54 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ what the particular virtues are,” says Slicer;
“ I only know, that it has contributed to
“ prolong life to above an hundred years.

“ Did you never meet with the History of
“ Francis Hongo, surnamed Hyppazoli, who
“ died at an hundred and fourteen (the be-
“ ginning of this century) at Smyrna, where
“ he was Consul for the Venetians ?

“ Hongo never was sick ; his sight, hearing,
“ and intellectual faculties, continued entire
“ to the last. He would walk seven or eight
“ miles every day. At an hundred, his white
“ hairs are said to have turned black again ;
“ and, what is equally surprizing, having
“ lost all his teeth, at an hundred and ten he
“ cut two large ones in his upper jaw.

“ This Gentleman drank no other liquor
“ than a water distilled from Scorzonera, or
“ Vipergrafs ; neither wine, strong liquors,
“ coffee, or tea ; nor used tobacco. Towards
“ the last, he lived chiefly upon broths and
“ ripe fruits, which he always eat with
“ bread.

“ He was a man of great merit, wit, and
“ honour ; his only failing was too great an
“ attachment to the fair sex. He had, by his
“ wife

“ wife and two or three concubines, nine and
 “ forty children.”

As soon as Mr. Slicer had finished his little history, all on a sudden he bent down his body, and leaned his elbows upon his knees, distorting his face into a variety of wrinkles.

“ Bless me ! Uncle,” says the Lady, “ what
 “ is the matter ? I am afraid you are ill.”—

“ Oh ! nothing at all,” says Slicer, smiling ;

“ only a little touch of the colic, which my

“ pills have given me. I love to have the

“ colic sometimes ; it is the best symptom

“ in the world : it is a sign the peccant hu-

“ mours, instead of entering the mass of

“ blood, are spending their force on the

“ *primæ viæ*, or intestines, where they will

“ soon find themselves a passage ; and then the

“ pleasure of being at ease again is greater than

“ the pain one suffers from the complaint.”

Slicer now fell into a musing posture for

near a minute, with his eyes fixed upon the

Lady. “ Niece,” says he, “ your husband’s

“ father lived to above ninety, merely by

“ walking ; and *I will walk*.” He had no

sooner formed his resolution, than, for-

getting for a moment that there was any

company in the room, he started up, and put it

in execution. After a turn round the garden, recollecting that some of the company were strangers, he returned to them again, with an apology, "that he found, by experience, his dinner never began to digest till he had taken a little turn or two in the garden."

The little Divine told him, with a smile, "it was well he was not born at Sparta."—"At Sparta! Why so?" says Slicer.—"Why, the Spartans, you know, were a military establishment, and spent most of their time in athletic exercises; they thought it an idle thing, therefore, to *walk* merely for walking's sake; and, being informed that the inhabitants of a certain city, under their jurisdiction, used to take *evening walks*, merely for recreation, instead of making a decree with a long preamble, like a modern Act of Parliament, the Magistrates sent them this laconic message, Μὴ περιπατεῖτε, *do not walk!* * which immediately put a stop to that unnecessary consumption of time, as they esteemed it."

"Well," says Slicer, "I should be sorry, on account of my brethren of the quill, to have that *laconic* stile introduced into our

* Ælian. Var. Hist.

"law-

“ law-proceedings. But you put me in mind
 “ of another instance of Spartan severity, not
 “ foreign to our purpose, on the subject of
 “ health.

“ * Lyfander going upon public business
 “ into Ionia, amongst other presents sent him
 “ upon his landing, there was some ox-beef
 “ and a large cheese-cake. He surveyed the
 “ latter with some curiosity; and, in the
 “ modern phrase, enquired, ‘ what the Devil
 “ it was ?’ Those that brought it told him,
 “ ‘ it was a composition of honey, cheese,
 “ and other ingredients.’—‘ Ob ! very well,’
 “ says he ; ‘ give that to my servants ; for
 “ I am sure it is not fit for a Gentleman to eat.’
 “ He then ordered the beef to be dressed in the
 “ Spartan way, and on that made an excel-
 “ lent meal.”

“ Why, to be sure, the only way to preserve
 “ health, is to eat plain food,” says the Scotch-
 “ man ; “ and the only way to destroy it, is to
 “ cram in such mixtures as you do in England,
 “ since French Cooks have been in vogue.”

* Ælian. Var. Hist.

CHAP. XVII.

Rules for Health.

THE little Rector observed, " They had had
 " a long dissertation upon the subject ;
 " and, doubtless, a good state of health was
 " an inestimable blessing, as it was the foun-
 " dation of all other enjoyments. But," con-
 " tinues he, " too great a solicitude on that
 " account is not only unworthy a man of
 " sense and a good Christian, but is really
 " destructive of what we are so anxious to pre-
 " serve. I know, with regard to myself,"
 " says he, " that, having gone through a
 " course of Anatomy in the University, and
 " observed how fearfully and wonderfully we
 " are made, and having dabbled a little in
 " books of Physic, I brought myself, by my
 " whims and apprehensions, and by tampering
 " with my own constitution, into a very bad
 " state of health. I have read a treatise upon
 " sleep, that has kept me awake all night ;
 " and I studied Dr. Cheyne upon *Health* and
 " *Long*

“ *Long Life*, till I brought myself to the brink
“ of *Death*.”

“ Why,” says Wildgoose, “ I have heard
“ of a young man at Oxford, who, going
“ through a course of Anatomy, and hearing
“ the Doctor expatiate upon the beautiful con-
“ trivance of Nature in guarding the *Ductus*
“ *Thoracicus* (or the tube that conveys the
“ whole chyle of the body into the arteries),
“ by the ribs on one side, and the back-
“ bone on the other, and being told that the
“ least touch almost on that part would be
“ immediate death ; the young fellow was
“ met, the next day, leaning forwards, with
“ one hand held up to guard his breast, or
“ *thorax* ; and the other stretched out, and
“ desiring every one he saw to stand off ; for,
“ (says he) if you do but touch my *Ductus*
“ *Thoracicus*, I am a dead man.”

“ Yes,” says Slicer ; “ and I have heard an
“ addition to that story, which, I suppose, you
“ do not care to mention.—Sir John Shad-
“ well, Physician to George the First, was
“ telling this very story at court to Lady
“ D——, who laughed heartily at it ; and,
“ meeting the Doctor the next day, she put
“ herself in the same attitude, and desired him

“ to stand off; for, (says she) if you do but
 “ touch my—*what do you call it?*—I am a dead
 “ woman.”

“ Well,” says the little Rector, “ it is
 “ certainly better to be really ill sometimes,
 “ than to be so hippish, and perpetually anxi-
 “ ous about one’s health. A friend of mine,
 “ a jolly fellow, finding me in my room with
 “ Cheyne’s book upon Health and Long
 “ Life before me, threw it into the fire;
 “ partly to cure me of my whims, and partly,
 “ I believe, for the sake of a distich, which he
 “ pretended to repeat extempore :

“ I’d scorn the health such rigid rules must give;

“ Nor sacrifice the ends of life, to live.”

As this conversation seemed obliquely to
 glance at Mr. Slicer; Selkirk said, by way of
 countenancing his friend, “ Why, to be sure,
 “ my countryman might carry the matter too
 “ far; yet, I think, no man can be too
 “ careful of his health, nor be blamed for
 “ studying the rules which have been laid
 “ down by Physicians for that purpose.”—
 “ Why,” says Wildgoose, “ as most diseases
 “ incident to the human body are generally
 “ allowed to proceed from indolence and re-
 “ pletion, I should think there can no rules

“be wanting, to preserve, or even to restore
 “it, but exercise and temperance; and, in
 “many cases, even *fasting*, or an entire ab-
 “stinence from all kinds of food; this, at
 “least, if made use of at the beginning of a
 “disease, I have always found sufficient to
 “check its progress, or put a stop to most
 “complaints.”

“As you all seem to be proposing com-
 “pendious rules or laconic precepts for
 “health,” says the little Rector, “I think,
 “there can be none better, or more com-
 “prehensive, than those which Dr. Scar-
 “borough, Physician to Charles II. gave
 “to the Dutchess of Portsmouth—Madam,
 “(says he) you must either eat less, or use
 “more exercise, or take physic, or—be
 “sick.”

CHAP. XVIII.

A new System of Education.

MR. Slicer now (by way of shifting the conversation) asked Selkirk, "how his "Pupil went on?" which was Slicer's little Cousin Johnny, and who was in the room, with his black string, and blue silk waistcoat.

Mr. Selkirk (as we have already observed) was the School-master of the village. He had formerly been a travelling Scotchman; but, marrying a Farmer's daughter with four or five hundred pounds, had opened a shop, and set up a little school, and professed to teach, not only Reading, Writing, and Accompts, but Latin and Greek, Algebra, Logarithms, and Trigonometry, and all the most abstruse parts of the Mathematics. He had really had the rudiments of a learned education, and was intended for the University and some learned profession; but, being of a rambling disposition (like many of his ingenious countrymen), chose to travel southwards, and carry a pack
for

for his amusement; as he would sometimes humorously confess.

Mr. Slicer then informed the company of Selkirk's excellent plan of education: "That, instead of the rigid severity of the usual method in our public schools, he taught his boys all the rudiments of the Latin tongue, amidst their childish sports, by way of diversion."—"What! in Locke's method, I suppose?" says Wildgoose.—"What! *Johnny Loke*?—No," says Selkirk, "I hope I have improved upon *Johnny Loke*, and Milton too."—"In what manner, Sir?" says Wildgoose.—"Here, *Jockey*," replies Selkirk: "let the Gentlemen see you decline the pronoun article, *hic, hæc, hoc*."—Master Jacky immediately began hopping round the room, repeating, *hic, hæc, hoc*; Gen. *hujus*; Dat. *huic*; Acc. *hunc, hanc, hoc*; Voc. *caret*; Abl. *hoc, hâc, hoc*, &c.

"There, now," says Selkirk, "in this manner I teach them the whole Grammar. I make eight boys represent the eight parts of Speech. The Noun-Substantive stands by himself; the Adjective has another boy to support him; the Nominative case carries a little wand

64 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“wand before the Verb; the Accusative case
“walks after, and supports his train: I let
“the four Conjugations make a party at Whist,
“and the three Concords dance the Hay to-
“gether, and so on.”

The company laughed at Selkirk's project; but the little fat Doctor, who had been bred at a public school, observed, “That it was
“very pretty in theory (and so was Milton's
“and Locke's method), and might please fond
“mothers; but, he imagined, the great men
“in Queen Elizabeth's time had studied this
“affair more deeply than has been ever done
“since; yet they thought some *coercive* power
“in the Teacher was very necessary; and, if
“boys were suffered to lay by the pursuit of
“dead languages as soon as it ceased to be
“agreeable to them, he was of opinion, they
“would make but a very slender progress in
“Greek and Latin.”

Instead of continuing the dispute, Mr. Slicer observed, “that Mr. Selkirk, though a
“Scotchman, taught the true pronunciation
“of the English language much better than
“the generality of school-masters;” and, as a proof of his assertion, took up a Common Prayer book, that lay in the parlour-window,
dow,

dow, and made little Johnny give a specimen of his abilities in that respect.—"Mamma," says Jacky, "I am to have a new hat, next Sunday."—"Yes, my Jacky; mind your book, and you shall."

Jacky then, by Selkirk's direction, began to read, with an audible voice, the exhortation in the Morning Service, where the words *humble* and *acknowledge* come two or three times over. He pronounced the *b* in *humble* very strong; and *ac-know-ledge* as it is written. "There, Doctor," says Mr. Slicer, "you Gentlemen of the Clergy never read that right. You leave out the *asper* in *humble*; and pronounce *knowledge* as if it were written *knolledge*; which is absurd."

Why," says the Doctor, "as languages were not originally formed by a Committee of Philosophers, but arrived gradually at perfection, and were established by *custom*, I think **custom* ought to regulate the pronunciation; and I cannot but think it a good rule in this case, as well as the rest of our conversation, to think with the wise, but to talk and pronounce with the vulgar, The rules of Grammar cannot, in any

* Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus & norma loquendi. HOR.

"language,

66 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ language, be reduced to a strict analogy ;
 “ but all general rules have some exceptions.”
 “ True, Sir, (says Selkirk) “ but we ought
 “ to come as near to perfection in every thing
 “ as possible.”—“ According to that rule,”
 says the Doctor, “ why do not you pronounce
 “ the *h* in *honest* and *honour* *? why do not you
 “ pronounce the word people, *pe-ople*, as it is
 “ written? and why does not every body say,
 “ *bu-rial*, as my Clerk and the Grave-diggers
 “ in Hamlet do? In short,” says the Doctor,
 “ there is something so disagreeable to me
 “ in pronouncing the word *humble* with an
 “ aspirate, that I could as soon chew tobacco
 “ (which I mortally hate) as bring myself to
 “ pronounce it so.”

CHAP. XIX.

Account of the little fat Rector.

THE company smiled at the little Rector's delicacy on that point; and Mr. Slicer said, “ that, to be sure, there was some truth “ in what Mr. *Grifkin* observed.”—Upon hearing the little Doctor called *Grifkin* (for

* See Dr. *Johnson's Grammar*, Letter H.

the

the first time), Wildgoose looked at him with some attention; and enquired, "whether he had not a near relation, one Mr. Rivers, near Bath, in Somersetshire?" After a few questions, Wildgoose was soon convinced, that this was no other than Mr. Gregory Grisfin (whom he had so often heard of), kinsman to the Mr. Rivers, whose adventures were related in the former part of his history.

Mr. Grisfin lamented "the disappointment he had met with, in Rivers's imprudent match; that he had flattered himself with the hopes of his Nephew's making some figure in life, and even distinguishing himself in the learned world; and had intended to have done something handsome for him at his death;" and the like.

Wildgoose began to make some excuse for his friend's imprudent conduct, by encomiums on Mrs. Rivers's personal accomplishments and behaviour: to which Grisfin (looking down with a reserved air) made no reply.

When Mr. Grisfin found, however, (by several circumstances) that Wildgoose had been intimate with his Nephew in the University; and also that he had only come accidentally to Mr. Slicer's house for refreshment

on his journey; he said, "he should be glad
 "to have more conversation with him
 "upon the subject;" and invited him, "to
 "go and drink coffee at his house, and even
 "to take a bed there, if consistent with his
 "engagements."

As Wildgoose was in hopes of doing his old friend Rivers some service, and also knew the little Doctor to be piously disposed, he accepted of his invitation, having first provided for the reception also of his fellow-traveller; and, taking leave of his benevolent host Mr. Slicer and his company, went to the Rectory with Mr. Griskin.

The Parsonage-house was a modern building, and neatly furnished; and the gardens (instead of being laid out, in the present taste, with sun-burnt lawns and barren shrubs) were comfortably inclosed with fruit walls, filberd-hedges, and codlin trees; with a good pigeon-house, poultry-yard, and fish-ponds; and, in short, with every thing that could contribute to the comfort and convenience of this life.

Griskin was a man of the old-fashioned piety, that shewed his Faith by his Good Works. He gave much in charity, prayed often, and fasted now and then. Having the tithes in
 his

his own hands, it enabled him to keep a plentiful table, to which every sober honest man was welcome. He every Sunday invited by turns some of his Parishioners to dine with him; one or two of the most substantial in the parlour, and as many of the oldest and poorest in the kitchen. This made them pay their tithes and dues chearfully; which Griskin exacted of them punctually, but not with *rigour*. If a Farmer had any loss, or remarkably bad year, he made him some little allowance; and, if a Cottager paid him a groat at Easter which he could ill spare, perhaps he would give his family a fix-penny loaf the Sunday following. By this means he kept up his dignity, and secured his right, and the love of his parish at the same time.

CHAP. XX.

Further Account of the little fat Rector.

WHEN Mr. Griskin was alone with Wildgoose, he told him, “that he
 “should not have been so much displeased with
 “his Nephew Rivers, for pleasing himself in
 “marrying,

was much pleased with Wildgoose's zeal for the conversion of Sinners. He lamented the great decay of Christian piety; and informed Wildgoose of the methods he himself had taken to revive it in his own parish, "by
 "reading prayers publicly every Wednesday
 "and Friday, and privately every morning
 "and evening in his own family."

He told him likewise, "that, having a
 "public-house belonging to him in Litchfield,
 "in order to sanctify in some measure the un-
 "righteous mammon, he had endowed a little
 "charity-school with the annual rents of it."

Though Wildgoose had rather a contempt of these formal devotions and good works, he was too polite to shock his kind Host with any reflection of that kind; and, in short, by his simplicity and sincerity, he gained so much upon the good opinion of Mr. Griskin, that he insisted upon keeping him and his fellow-traveller all night: and, the next morning, before they parted, he gave Wildgoose a commission to write to his old friend Rivers, "that
 "a visit from him and Mrs. Rivers would
 "be no ways disagreeable to their relation Mr.
 "Griskin." This commission Wildgoose executed

executed immediately; and it was attended with the desired effects on both sides.

Wildgoose now took his leave of Mr. Griskin, being rejoined by his friend Tugwell, who had spent the evening as much to his satisfaction in the kitchen, as his Master had done in the parlour.

C H A P. XXI.

Set out for Ashbourn, near the Peak.

WHEN the two friends were now alone in the Litchfield road again, Tugwell began to express his approbation of “the hospitable way of life which Mr. Griskin lived in; and that he thought him a true Christian; and that, if any body went to Heaven, Mr. Griskin certainly would.”

Wildgoose, without once mentioning Mr. Griskin’s name, endeavoured to regulate Jerry’s opinions by his own standard; and said, “a man might fast and pray, and give all his goods to feed the poor; and yet not have true Christian *charity*, or what Saint Paul calls Faith working by Love.”—Tugwell clinched his observation, by echoing back some of his own expressions; yet still remained

a convert in his heart to Grifkin's more comfortable system of Christianity.

Having made an hearty breakfast at Mr. Grifkin's, our travellers stayed no longer in Litchfield, than whilst Wildgoose found out the post-office, and put in his letter to his friend Rivers; and then trudged on, with great alacrity, without halting, till they came to Uttoxeter, in their way to Ashbourn, the first town of any note in Derbyshire.

There was a nearer way, through the Forest of Nedwood, but more difficult to find; and Tugwell could not yet separate the ideas of Robbers, Outlaws, and Wild-beasts, from that of a Forest; notwithstanding his Master assured him, "there were no Wild-beasts to be found, except herds of Deer, in any of our Royal forests; nor so many Robbers as there were upon the great roads, or in the streets of London."

They kept the great road, however, and, without any damage to their persons or property, and without any adventure worth recording, arrived at Ashbourn-in-the-Peak, as it is usually called, about six o'clock in the evening.

END OF BOOK IX.

THE

THE
SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

B O O K X.

C H A P. I.

A Phenomenon.

THE town of Ashbourn being a great thorough-fare to Buxton Wells, to the High-peak, and many parts of the North, and being inhabited by many substantial people concerned in the mines, and having also three or four of the greatest horse-fairs in that part of England every year, is a very populous town.

There had appeared at Ashbourn, for some market-days past, a very extraordinary person; in a character, and with an equipage, somewhat

E 2

singular

singular and paradoxical: this was one Dr. Stubbs, a *Physician* of the itinerant kind. The Doctor came to town on horse-back; yet dressed in a plad night-gown and red velvet cap. He had a small reading-desk, fixed upon the pommel of his saddle, that supported a large folio; in which, by the help of a monstrous pair of spectacles, the Doctor seemed to read (as the horse moved slowly on) with a profound attention. A portmanteau behind him contained his cargo of sovereign medicines; which, as brick-dust was probably the principal ingredient, must be no small burthen to his lean steed.

The Squire, or Assistant, led the Doctor's horse slowly along, in a dress less solemn, but not less remarkable, than that of his Master.

The Doctor, from his *Resinante*, attended by his Merry Andrew (mounted on an horse-block before the principal Inn) had just begun to harangue the multitude, when Mr. Wildgoose and his fellow-traveller arrived; and the speech with which he introduced himself each market-day was to this effect—

CHAP. II.

A modest Plea.

“ MY friends and countrymen ! you have
 “ frequently been imposed upon (no doubt)
 “ by Quacks and ignorant pretenders to the no-
 “ ble art of Physic : who, in order to gain your
 “ attention, have boasted of their many years
 “ travels into foreign parts, and even the most
 “ remote regions of the habitable globe. One
 “ has been Physician to the Sophi of Persia, to
 “ the great Mogul, or the Empress of Russia ;
 “ and displayed his skill at Moscow, Constan-
 “ tinople, Delhi, or Ispahan. Another perhaps
 “ has been Tooth-drawer to the King of Mo-
 “ rocco, or Corn-cutter to the Sultan of Egypt,
 “ or to the Grand Turk ; or has administered a
 “ clyster to the Queen of Trebasond, or to
 “ Prester John, or the Lord knows who—
 “ as if the wandering about from place to place
 “ (supposing it to be true) could make a man
 “ a jot the wiser. No, Gentlemen, don’t be
 “ imposed upon by pompous words and magni-

“ficent pretensions. He that goes abroad a
“fool, will come home a coxcomb.

“Gentlemen! I am no High-German or
“unborn Doctor—But here I am—your own
“countryman—your fellow-subject—your
“neighbour—as I may say.—Why, Gentle-
“men, (eminent as I am now become,) I was
“born but at Coventry, where my mother now
“lives—Mary Stubbs by name.

“One thing indeed I *must* boast of; without
“which I would not presume to practise the
“sublime art and mystery of Physic. I am the
“*seventh son of a seventh son*. *Seven* days was I
“before I sucked the breast. *Seven* months be-
“fore I was seen to laugh or cry. *Seven* years
“before I was heard to utter *seven* words;
“and twice *seven* years have I studied, night
“and day, for the benefit of you, my friends
“and countrymen. And now here I am—
“ready to assist the afflicted, and to cure all
“manner of diseases, past, present, and to
“come; and that out of *pure love* to my
“country and fellow-creatures, without fee or
“reward—except a trifling gratuity, the prime
“cost of my medicines; or what you may
“chuse voluntarily to contribute hereafter, out
“of gratitude for the great benefit, which, I am
“convinced,

“ convinced, you will receive from the use of
“ them.

“ But come, Gentlemen, here is my famous
“ * *Anti-febri-fuge* Tincture; that cures all
“ internal disorders whatsoever; the whole bot-
“ tle for one poor shilling.

“ Here’s my *Cataplasma Diabolicum*, or my
“ Diabolical Cataplasin; that will cure all ex-
“ ternal disorders, cuts, bruises, contusions,
“ excoriations, and dislocations; and all for
“ six-pence.

“ But here, Gentlemen, here’s my famous
“ *Balsamum Stubbianum*, or Dr. Stubbs’s Sove-
“ reign Balsam; renowned over the whole
“ Christian world, as an universal remedy,
“ which no family ought to be without: it
“ will keep seven years, and—be as good as it
“ is now. Here’s this large bottle, Gentlemen,
“ for the trifling sum of eighteen-pence.

“ I am aware, that your Physical gentlemen
“ here have called me Quack, and ignorant
“ Bretender, and the like. But here I am.—
“ Let Dr. Pestle or Dr. Clyster come forth.
“ I challenge the whole faculty of the town of
“ Ashbourn, to appear before this good compa-
“ ny; and dispute with me in *seven* langua-

* A celebrated Quack made this blunder; that is, in plain
English, a tincture that will *bring on* a Fever,

80 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ ges, ancient or modern : in Latin, Greek, or
“ Hebrew—in High-Dutch, French, Italian,
“ or Portuguese—Let them ask me any question
“ in Hebrew or Arabic ; and then it will appear,
“ who are men of solid learning, and who are
“ Quacks and ignorant pretenders.

“ You see, Gentlemen, I challenge them to
“ a fair trial of skill ; but not one of them dares
“ shew his face : they confess their ignorance,
“ by their silence.

“ But come, Gentlemen: who buys my *Elixir*
“ *Cephalicum*, *Asthmaticum*, *Arthriticum*, *Diure-*
“ *ticum*, *Emeticum*, *Diaphoreticum*, *Nephriticum*,
“ *Catharticum*.—Come, Gentlemen, seize the
“ golden opportunity, whilst health is so cheap-
“ ly to be purchased !”

CHAP. III.

The Generosity of a Quack.

AFTER having disposed of a few packets,
the Doctor told the company, “ that, as
“ this was the last time of his appearing at Ash-
“ bourn (other parts of the kingdom claiming
“ a part in his patriotic labours), he was deter-
“ mined

“ mined to make a present, to all those who had
 “ been his patients, of a shilling a-piece. He
 “ therefore called upon all those who could pro-
 “ duce any one of Dr. Stubbs’s bottles, pill-
 “ boxes, plaisters, or even his hand-bills, to
 “ make their appearance, and partake of his
 “ generosity.”

This produced no small degree of expectation
 amongst those that had been the Doctor’s custo-
 mers, who gathered round him, with their hands
 stretched out, and with wishful looks. “ Here,
 “ Gentlemen !” says the Doctor. “ Stand forth !
 “ hold up your hands. I promised to give you
 “ a shilling apiece. I will immediately per-
 “ form my promise. Here’s my *Balsamum*
 “ *Stubbianum* which I have hitherto sold at
 “ *eighteen-pence* the bottle—you shall now have
 “ it for *six-pence*.”

“ Come, *Gemmen !*” (says the Merry An-
 drew) “ where are you ? Be quick ! Don’t stand
 “ in your own light. You’ll never have such
 “ another opportunity—as long as you live.”

The people looked upon each other with an
 air of disappointment. Some shook their heads,
 some grinned at the conceit, and others uttered
 their execrations—some few, however, who had
 been unwilling to throw away *eighteen-pence* up-

on the experiment, ventured to give a single *fixpence*; and the Doctor picked up eight or nine shillings more by this stratagem, which was more than the intrinsic value of his horse-load of medicines. He then took his leave; and was retiring to his inn, to enjoy the fruits of his public-spirited labours; when Wildgoose, seeing an audience ready to his hand, immediately mounted the horse-block, which the Merry Andrew had quitted; and, in order to draw their attention, bid Tugwell give out the hundreth Psalm. Many of the people were greatly surprized; but, two or three itinerant Preachers having of late passed through the town, some of the company understood the signal, and even joined the two Pilgrims in their oddly-timed melody.

C H A P. IV.

Eccę autem alierum!

AFTER singing a couple of stanzas, Wildgoose began his address to the mob, by observing "how anxious they were about the health of their *bodies*; when they could listen
" with

“ with patience to every itinerant pretender to the
 “ art of Physic ; who, without any previous in-
 “ struction or experience, boasted of that complete
 “ knowledge of diseases, which Physicians of a
 “ regular education (after many years study) find
 “ it so difficult to obtain; and, without any regard
 “ to different cases or constitutions, often sell the
 “ same remedies for contradictory complaints.”

Wildgoose then (by an easy transition) proceeded to direct them to the true Physician of their *souls* : and recommended *Faith alone*, as the infallible catholicon for all their maladies.

“ Yes, yes,” cries Tugwell ; “ here is the
 “ true spiritual Mountebank, Gentlemen : here
 “ is the Quack Doctor of your souls.”

“ Yes,” says the Merry Andrew, “ and thou
 “ art the true spiritual Tom Fool.”

Doctor Stubbs himself also (having stopped on his horse at the gate-way of the inn, to hear and see the event of Wildgoose’s mounting the rostrum), observing the obvious parallel between Wildgoose’s irregular practice in the Theological way, and that of a Mountebank in the Medical, could not forbear appealing to the mob ;
 “ whether an itinerant Preacher (such as these
 “ Methodists) were not more of the Quack
 “ than he was, who pretended to have dis-

84 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ covered a more compendious way to Heaven ;
 “ and to prescribe *Faith* alone, as the universal
 “ cure for all diseases. Let the Parson keep to
 “ his church ; the Farmer to his plough ; and
 “ the Cocker to his stall”—says the Doctor.

Tugwell, thinking the Doctor had discovered something of their profession, now took up the cudgel ; and said, “ he was no Cocker ; but
 “ *made* shoes, as well as *mended* them : that
 “ his Master was no *Farmer* ; but as good a
 “ Gentleman as the Doctor, for all his red cap !
 “ and kept as good an horse, if he had a mind
 “ to make use of him.”

The Merry Andrew, hearing his master treated with such familiarity by a fellow of Tugwell’s mean appearance, laid hold on his wallet, which hung over his shoulder, and almost pulled him backwards ; telling him at the same time, “ that he supposed it was filled with old shoes.” Tugwell, who was afraid of nothing (but ghosts and fire-arms), began to retort upon Pill-garlic with the arm of flesh ; but he, having more wit and agility than courage, gave Jerry a swinging blow on the face with his sword of lath ; and then made his escape amongst the croud. This raised Tugwell’s choler, together with a loud laugh and hubbub ; and, the mob being by
 this

this time pretty well tired, the assembly was soon dissolved: each party, the Doctor with his Merry Andrew, and Mr. Wildgoose with Tugwell, retiring to their respective apartments, in the same hotel.

C H A P. V.

An affecting Scene. Tugwell in Jeopardy.

MR. Wildgoose, before he went to rest, having made proper enquiries which was the most unfrequented part of the Peak, yet abounded with the greatest number of mines, arose pretty early; and having, at Tugwell's request, taken a slight breakfast, he was preparing to sally forth; when a woman, who (as she returned from the Doctor) had heard Wildgoose hold forth the preceding night, came and intreated him "to go and pray with her husband; who," she said, "had been in a languishing condition for some time, and was now (she feared) near his end."

Wildgoose was pleased with the opportunity of doing a charitable action, as well as with the compliment paid to his eloquence and his piety.

He

86 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

He therefore immediately complied with the woman's request.

When he came, he saw a very affecting, though, at the same time, a somewhat ridiculous scene. The poor man had one son, who was a great *schollard*; that is, he could read without spelling; and, by way of comforting his father, the young man had got an old folio Common Prayer book; and was reading the *act of uniformity* to the sick man, with a very *audible* voice: to which the poor man listened with great attention; and said, "it was very comfortable doctrine." Wildgoose asked him (as he seemed so well disposed) "why he had not sent for the Minister of his parish?" The sick man said, "he had done so, when he was first taken ill; but that the Minister had given him no comfort; for," the poor man confessed, "he had lived a very wicked life, and had gained a livelihood by very dishonest means; and had it not in his power, if he were inclined to do it, to make restitution, as the Minister would have him do." Wildgoose bid him, "not despair; for that he and all mankind were equally sinners; and that he had nothing to do but to lay *bold* upon Christ by faith; and all would be well."

The

The poor man *said*, "he did so, and trusted "only to *his* merey." Wildgoose then assured him, "his sins were forgiven;" and they parted entirely satisfied with each other.

When Wildgoose returned to the inn, he found, to his great surprize, his friend Tugwell taken into custody by a Constable; who was hurrying him away before a Justice of the Quorum, that lived very near the town; for Jerry, though far advanced in life, had had but little experience of the ways of men. Being therefore in his political principles (as we have already observed) rather attached to the Stuart family; and the town of Ashbourn, since the late march of the Rebels through that place, being divided into two parties (who persecuted each other with great violence); Tugwell, it seems, had somewhat imprudently taken the part of an honest Barber; who, as he was drinking his morning cup in the kitchen, had fallen into a dispute, about the Rebellion, with a dissenting Baker, who was very zealous for the Government; and, upon Jerry's interfering, had charged the Constable with him, as a disaffected subject.

Upon Mr. Wildgoose's interposing in his friend's behalf; Doctor Stubbs (who had joined the

88 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

the crowd assembled in the gate-way of the inn) whispered the Constable, "that, to his knowledge, Wildgoose was a Jesuit in disguise; "that he had seen him in York gaol, during "the Rebellion; that he had let his hair grow, "to conceal the clerical tonsure; and that "several Jesuits had of late appeared, in the "character of Methodist Preachers, in several "parts of the kingdom." The Constable, therefore, charged some of the company, in the King's name, to assist him in carrying them both before a Magistrate; and the Doctor pretended to follow them, and make good his allegations.

CHAP. VI.

A judicious Magistrate.

WHEN they came before the Justice, all that could be proved against Tugwell was; that he *seemed* to favour the rebels; that he said, "he loved to read about battles and massacres; and that he should have been very "glad to have seen the young Pretender." The Justice (who was a sensible man, and endeavoured, as much as possible, to restore and preserve the peace amongst his neighbours) observed,

"if

“ if that were all, he could find nothing treasonable in what the prisoner had said ; especially as he spoke of the *Pretender* as such, and not as having the least shadow of right to the crown of England. In short, it appeared to him, that all he had said, seemed to proceed from *curiosity*, rather than from *disloyalty* to King George.”

The Justice then asked, “ what they had to say against the other prisoner, Mr. Geoffrey Wildgoose by name ? ” The Constable said, “ there was a Gentleman present, who knew him to be a Jesuit, and had seen him in York goal during the Rebellion ; and would take his oath of it.” Doctor Stubbs was then called upon, to make good his charge. But the Doctor, who only owed Wildgoose a grudge for speaking disrespectfully of his profession, and was conscious all he had said was an impudent lye, had given them the slip ; and had taken this opportunity of marching out of town without being pelted by the mob, as he richly deserved.

An old man, however, whose wife was a favourer of the Methodists, said, “ such fellows as Wildgoose and his companion ought to be punished, for making a disturbance, and
“ hindering

“hindering people from their work; that they
 “had *convarted* his wife in particular, who used
 “to mind her knitting, and bustle about, and
 “*scold* at him, all the day long. But, since these
 “Methodists had come about, and *convarted* her,
 “she minded nothing but reading and pray-
 “ing, and singing Psalms, from morning to
 “night.” The good Justice said, “if the *con-*
 “*varting* his wife was all the mischief they had
 “done, he wished they would *convart* all the
 “*scolds* in the parish.” And so, after asking
 Wildgoose a few questions, he ordered the Con-
 stable to release them, and dismissed the com-
 pany from his presence.

The Jacobite Barber, whose cause (as we
 observed) Tugwell had espoused, as soon as his
 Worship was out of sight, clapped Jerry on the
 shoulder, by way of triumph; and said, “as
 “he himself was acquainted with the Butler;
 “and Tugwell, he found, was a curious man;
 “he would shew him a curiosity.—The *Prince*
 “is in this house now,” (says he, whispering
 in Tugwell’s ear.) Jerry starting with surprize,
 the Barber got his friend the Butler to take him
 up the back stairs, into a long gallery, which
 led to the principal bed-chambers; on the doors
 of which had been written by the Quarter-
 master

master with chalk (and afterwards traced over with white-lead by way of curiosity) the names of *the Prince*, Lord Ogilvy, Pittligo, and other Rebel-chiefs; who, in their way to Derby, having halted one night in Ashbourn, had been quartered in this Gentleman's house.

Tugwell expressed great surprize at seeing the very place where so renowned a personage had lately lodged; whose name he had often heard read in the Gloucester Journal; which Mrs. Wildgoose had lent the Vicar, the Vicar had smuggled to his Clerk, who had frequently retailed it to the whole parish, under the great elm, at Tugwell's cottage-gate.

Wildgoose returning to the inn before his fellow-traveller, and finding a number of people, who had been assembled on the report of Tugwell's being taken into custody, still loitering about, took the opportunity of mounting the *suggestum* (or horse-block) once more, though without much effect; people's passions being rather calm in a morning, and not so well disposed to catch the fire of enthusiasm in open day-light, as amidst the dazzling lustre of sconces and chandeliers at the evening tabernacle. Some of those who had taken a cup in the morning were a little riotous; some few, however, seemed affected,

affected, and consulted with Wildgoose what further was to be done towards their conversion ; and also informed him which were the most uncultivated parts of the Peak, and stood most in need of the labours of his mission.

CHAP. VII.

They set forth towards the High-Peak.

OUR Spiritual Quixote was now impatient to fall forth, in quest of more spiritual adventures. But Tugwell, hearing so romantic an account of the mountainous country they were going to traverse, intreated his Master not to do any thing rashly, nor set out upon an empty stomach ; and, it being now past the middle of the day, they made a pretty hearty meal upon some cold mutton-pye ; a good segment of which, for fear of accidents, Jerry stowed in his wallet : and about three o'clock they set out on the Buxton road for the High-Peak.

After travelling about an hour and a half, our two Pilgrims imagined they had climbed to the summit of the mountains : but they still found
 “ Alps on Alps arise !” At length, however,
 they

they came upon an extensive plain, to the extremity of which their sight could not reach. Jerry, after reading so many books of travels, and having been near two months on foot, now lifting up his hands with astonishment, cried out, "he did not think the world had been half so wide."

As the sun had now journeyed far towards the west; and they could see neither village, hut, nor even a single tree to shelter them from the dews of the night; Jerry's heart began to fail him: and he could not forbear again to wish himself at home with Dorothy, in his own chimney-corner; or at least at the inn at Ashbourn, which they had quitted so late in the day.

As the road led them by degrees towards the extremity of the moor; they heard, at a distance on the left hand, the sound of a French-horn; which a little revived Tugwell's spirits, though it revived at the same time the jeopardy he had been in amongst the stag-hunters, as related in the beginning of this history.

Jerry, however, intreated his Master (as the evening was coming on) "to turn aside, and try whether they could find any place to lodge at; especially as there was nothing to preach
"to,

“ to, but a few sheep and some black cattle,
“ which were feeding amongst the rocks.”

Though Wildgoose was unwilling to listen to any overtures of indulgence, he thought it prudent enough to comply with his friend's proposal. Proceeding, therefore, towards the edge of the plain, they came to a precipice of an astonishing height; from which was a stupendous view into a deep valley; the hill rising on the opposite side, covered with woods, near half a mile perpendicularly. The river Dove ran winding at the bottom, amidst pyramidical rocks, that rise detached from the hill, with shrubs growing from their tops, and the roots hanging down in a grotesque manner. In some places, they almost meet, and intercept the view; in others they open, and discover rocks beyond rocks, in long perspective up the valley, in a most beautiful profusion.

CHAP. VIII.

Fall in with a musical Party.

THE French-horns, which were blown by two servants, placed in the opposite woods, now ceased; and upon their approaching, out of curiosity, to the edge of the precipice, the two Pilgrims were surprized to hear (seemingly about half way down the hill) an angelic voice, accompanied by two German-flutes, singing a song from the Masque of Comus:

- “ On ev’ry hill, in ev’ry grove,
- “ Along the margin of each stream;
- “ Dear, conscious scenes of former love!
- “ I moan; and Damon is my theme.
- “ The hills, the groves, the rocks remain;
- “ But Damon there I seek in vain.”

Wildgoose was filled with rapture at the sound: and, when the song was finished, could not forbear repeating to himself (yet loud enough for his fellow-traveller to hear) these beautiful lines from Shakespeare, with whom

whom (as we observed) he had formerly been conversant:

“ I thought that all things had been savage here—

“ But, whate’er you are

“ That, in this desert inaccessible,

“ Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;

“ If ever you have liv’d in better days ;

“ If ever been where bells have knoll’d to church—

“ Ah !” says Tugwell, “ I wish I could hear
“ our *bells knoll to church* this very moment !

“ I would soon be at home again in my own

“ stall : I am quite tired with this *vaggibond*

“ life. But, come, Master, let us go and en-

“ quire our way to the next town, and not

“ wander about this wilderness country all

“ night.”

Jerry then looked about, and found a sheep-track, that led winding down the hill ; but they were forced to descend above a quarter of a mile, before they could discover the place from whence the music proceeded ; when they beheld a lofty arch, or natural cavity, in the side of the rocks, to which there was an artificial ascent, by near an hundred steps, guarded by a slight rail : at the mouth of this grotto, there was a broad space, like a balcony ; from which there appeared a genteel party

party of nine or ten people well-dressed; some with musical instruments; others with books in their hands; and one or two with bottles and glasses before them; amusing themselves as was most suitable to their several tastes and inclinations.

Upon Tugwell's appearing in sight, a servant came to him; and, in a surly tone, demanded, "what he wanted there?"—Jerry answered, "that they did not come to beg, "or to steal; that (he thanked God) his "wallet was well stored, and his Master had "money in his purse: but that they had lost "their way upon the moors; and desired him "to direct them to the nearest town, or place "of entertainment for travellers."

The servant asked him, "who, and what "the Devil, he and his Master were?"— "Why," says he, "my Master is a Gentleman of four or five hundred pounds a "year (but no matter for that); he is a good "Christian, and travels about the country, "to convert people from their wicked ways, "and *sich* like."

"Well," says the servant, "I can tell thee, "for thy comfort, there is no town, nor "hardly an house, within these five miles;

“except the village which we live at: but,
 “if thou wilt stay till we go home (which
 “will not be long), I will direct thee to a
 “public-house, where there are good quarters
 “and good liquor: and what would’st have
 “more?”

When the servant had given Jerry his answer, and was returning, a young Lady (whose curiosity was very impetuous) ran down a few steps, to inquire what those men wanted; and, having satisfied herself, ran and told the company, “that there were two droll *preachers*,
 “who had lost their way; and one of them
 “pretended to be a Gentleman of fortune,
 “but she supposed (by the servant’s account)
 “he was a Methodist Preacher.”

This company consisted of Sir William and Lady Forester (who lived in the neighbourhood), and some friends that were with them in the house; who came to enjoy a fine evening in this romantic scene, which Sir William had a little decorated, as above described.

CHAP. IX.

Characters of Sir William and Lady Forester.

SIR William Forester was a Gentleman of fine sense; and (what is not always a consequence) of fine taste, not only in the polite arts, Music, Painting, Architecture, and the like; but in life and manners. He had the art of making every company happy; and the greater art of making himself happy in every company. Some of his wise neighbours, indeed, were a little scandalized, at his admitting people of inferior rank so frequently to his table; but Sir William (like Swift's Virtuoso, who could extract sun-beams from cucumbers) had the skill of extracting entertainment from the most insipid companions; of discovering humour in the most phlegmatic Divine; or solid sense in (the most trifling of all characters) a country Dancing-master.

Lady Forester was a woman of uncommon merit, considering the peculiar circumstances attending her education. She was the daughter of Lord ———, who was a profest Infidel, and

absolutely forbid those who were about his children to instill any religious *prejudices* (as he called them) into their tender minds, by teaching them their catechism, or by suffering them to read any books on religious subjects. Nay, he severely punished his favourite child, of ten years old, for presuming to look into a Bible.

He was of Lord Shaftsbury's opinion, "that there is no necessary connexion between Religion and Virtue; and even that people may be good moral men, and good members of society, without the belief of a God." And he considered himself as an instance of his assertions; as he lived a tolerably sober life, and performed several generous and charitable actions, without the pretence of any religious motive; though it is well known that, for want of an uniform principle, he was frequently guilty of the most flagrant instances of vice and immorality.

Lady Forester's mother, however, (who was a very pious and a very sensible woman) had taken care to instill some short principles of Religion into her daughter; but, dying whilst Lady Forester was very young, she underwent a trial of a different kind, from the capricious indulgence

indulgence of her father; who settled her, when she was just sixteen, in a house in town, with an equipage and suitable domestics and attendants entirely at her own command. Her Ladyship's good sense, however, supported her, without the least censure, in this critical situation; and the utmost indiscretion, which the severest critic could ever charge her with, was of a romantic kind; the rambling once or twice into Hyde-park, at a distance from her equipage and attendants; and reading under a tree (accompanied only with a female friend) with all the security of rural innocence.

Lady Forester was now, however, the mother of several children; whom she bred up in the strictest principles of Religion and Virtue, which will probably make them ornaments to the rising generation; though her Ladyship herself was a little inclined to the mystic, or rather the seraphic, Theology; being a great admirer of Fenelon's, Norris's, and other works of the same kind.—But to return to our Story.

CHAP. X.

Character of Colonel Rappee.

MISS Kitty Forester (who, though much younger, was sister to Sir William, and the Lady whose voice they had heard) having made her report, "that the travellers had lost their way;" the company voted, by way of fun, "to send for them up to *Reynard's ball*;" which was the name given to this natural grotto, or cavity in the rock, where the company was sitting.

As Wildgoose, though in his travelling habilille, had a gentleman-like appearance, he was desired to sit down amidst this *belle assemblée*; and Tugwell, with his wallet, was turned over to the care of the servants. After some little conversation with Wildgoose upon his journey, and the like, the company sat down to (what in romance would be called) a cold collation; which, in plain English, was a good quantity of cold ham and fowls, cold tongue, orange

orange cheese-cakes, and other portable provisions of the best kinds.

Wildgoose, having made an hearty meal at Ashbourn, eat little; but drank two or three glasses of Rhenish wine. The evening was now extremely fine; the heat of the day being succeeded by an agreeable *fraicheur*: the parting sun gilded the summit of the mountain; and the river Dove ran murmuring at their base. The French-horns, at proper intervals, enlivened the scene; and, in short, by the politeness of Sir William and Lady Forester, Wildgoose found himself much at ease and very happy, notwithstanding the sneers and stifled titterings of some of the company.

Among the rest, there was a Colonel Rappee, an Officer in the Guards, who was upon a visit at Sir William Forester's. The Colonel had made a very *shining* figure in the army, during a thirty years peace; and had behaved with the greatest courage and magnanimity, in above twenty engagements and reviews—on Hounslow-heath, or Hyde-park.—But, at the battle of Preston-pans (in the year forty-five), he was one of those Gentlemen who retreated with so much precipitation, as to outride the Express,

and bring to London the first news of their own defeat.

The Colonel, however, appeared by no means deficient in personal valour; for, though he had never fought any duel in form, he had frequently given the look of defiance; and kicked two or three impertinent fellows, who were dismayed at the ferocity of his countenance and his military dress.

The Colonel's person, indeed, gave him the advantage over any common antagonist; and also recommended him to the notice of people of rank; for he was near six feet high, and,

“Tho’ lambent Dullness play’d about his head,” had an air of sagacity and importance, which commanded respect from the less discerning part of mankind; nay, and having “a little kind of an odd sort of a small wit” (as Congreve says), and uttering now and then a tolerable thing with a decisive air, he even passed for a man of sense; and, by a discreet management, was received upon a decent footing in many families of distinction.

Upon being much in company also, the Colonel had picked up a few common-place maxims and topics of ridicule, upon Matrimony,
Religion,

Religion, Scotch-men, Parsons, and Old Maids; which he applied indiscriminately upon all occasions: but frequently with so little propriety, as could not but shock the delicacy of Sir William and Lady Forester: who accordingly rather *endured*, than *enjoyed* his company; and considered his *visits*, or rather his *visitations*, as afflictions from Heaven, to which they were in duty obliged patiently to submit.

CHAP. XI:

A Conversation on Religion, and other Subjects.

THE Colonel then looked a little sour upon Mr. Wildgoose; and having too much pride, or rather too little penetration, to discover what was really valuable in his character, considered him as a common stroller; and was quite affronted at Sir William's presuming to introduce such company to a man of his consequence. He began, therefore, to say rude things, upon Impostors and Hypocrites, and to give hints "how much Sir William was the dupe of Parsons and Buffoons."

Lady Forester, however, contrived to change the discourse, and to introduce some religious topic; upon which she gave Wildgoose an opportunity of displaying his knowledge of the subject in such a manner, that Rappee was afraid to interpose, for fear of discovering his own ignorance.

By way of venting his spleen, however, the Colonel began throwing out commonplace invectives against Religion in general, and Christianity in particular, from the constant feuds and animosities it had accidentally occasioned amongst the different sects, and the like; and said, "if people would but live according to Nature and Reason, it would be better if there were no such thing as Religion in the world."

Sir William said, "he was glad that was only Rappee's private opinion, unsupported by any reasons:" but begged the Colonel, "if he had discovered any new arguments against Religion, which he thought of any force, he would keep them a secret from his wife, his children, and his servants; as he was convinced it was for the good of mankind, that they should not be undeceived

"in that particular, supposing Religion to be
 "all a cheat, or a political invention.

"But, Colonel," (continues he) "you
 "are frequently uttering complaints of this
 "kind; notwithstanding the King your
 "Master is the Defender of the Faith, and
 "Christianity is at present the Religion of
 "your country by Law established. If you
 "find yourself aggrieved by it, why do not
 "you, or some of your wise associates, draw
 "up the heads of a bill, and join in a petition
 "to the Parliament (and I will undertake to
 "present it to the House) for the redress of
 "those grievances which this oppressive institu-
 "tion has brought upon mankind?"

The Colonel saw the absurdity of his usual
 complaints against Religion, when set in so
 strong a light; and was struck silent for a few
 minutes. But soon rallying his spirits, he
 shifted the discourse in his turn; and (with a
 more placid air) contrived to bring another
 subject upon the carpet; and, at the same time,
 to display his own importance, by mentioning
 "a magnificent entertainment, to which he had
 "lately been invited by a noble Lord."

Bob Tench, a sporting companion of Sir
 William's, and a near relation of the famous

Will Wimble—who was waiting till the first sickle was put into the corn, in order to go a partridge-shooting—Bob said, “he never de-
 “fired to be entertained better than he was
 “this morning at Sir Harry Hotspur’s;
 “where was a cold venison-pasty, and some
 “excellent strong beer, which he was sorry
 “to see banished, to make way for tea and
 “chocolate, and other hot liquors, unknown to
 “our sporting ancestors.”

The conversation now turned upon genteel or on magnificent entertainments in general, which any of the company had either been present at, or had read of in history.

Miss Forester said, “she could never sufficiently admire Cleopatra’s gallantry, in her
 “entertainment of Mark Anthony; and was
 “particularly pleased with her dissolving a
 “pearl of immense value, and presenting it
 “in a golden cup of rich wine.” Colonel Rappee ridiculed this, by mentioning some modern Wh—re, who had been suffered by her
 fond Keeper to swallow an hundred pound bank-note, between two slices of bread and butter, at breakfast. Somebody mentioned the Roman Emperor (I think), who presented each of his
 guests

guests with the gold cup which they drank out of.

But Sir William Forester said, "he never read a more polite reception, than what Vokeer, the rich Augsburgh Merchant, gave the Emperor Charles V. He had lent that Emperor a very considerable sum of money, for which his Majesty had given him a promissory note, or order upon his exchequer, or some written security of that kind. Soon after, the Emperor, on his march, (by way of doing honour to his friend) lay at his house in Augsburgh. The Merchant gave him a most magnificent supper; and, when the Emperor retired to his chamber, there was a fire laid of cinnamon wood; which Vokeer himself set alight, with the Emperor's note of hand, or order for the money; and then wished his Majesty a good night."

"Well, Sir William," (says a young Templar*, who was of the party), "you have told us how a subject entertained an Emperor of Germany: I will tell you an entertainment, or rather a family-dinner, that was given by the Emperor of Morocco to an English subject, Dr. Shaw, who has

* Now at the top of his profession.

"lately

180 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ lately published his Travels into Africa and
“ Egypt.

“ At the top, there was a dish of fish, con-
“ sisting of a young whale boiled, and a few
“ sturgeons and porpuses fryed round it. At
“ the bottom, was the hind-quarter of an
“ elephant. On one side, a brace of lions,
“ fricasseed: on the other, the neck of a
“ camel, made *kabob* (as the Doctor calls it),
“ or, in plain English, *cabob'd*.

“ The second course, a brace of ostriches
“ roasted, at the upper end, with the ropes on
“ a toast; at the lower end, a griffin: on one
“ side, a dish of cranes and storks; on the
“ other, a potted crocodile.

“ There was no Butcher's meat, but a roasted
“ buffalo at the side-table.

“ The Doctor says, he only picked the short
“ ribs of a lion; which (to use his own ex-
“ pression) was a *delicious morsel*.

“ His Majesty asked the Doctor, whether he
“ should help him to the *leg* or to the *wing* of
“ the griffin? which, being half bird and half
“ beast, his Majesty thought facetious.

“ You must observe, griffins are looked
“ upon as great rarities, even in Africa.”

“ I suppose,”

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE. 171

"I suppose," says Sir William, "this is some piece of humour, upon the *marvellous* in the Doctor's Travels; though I have heard them spoken of as very learned, as well as entertaining; and that the Doctor has rectified several errors in the geography of the countries which he passed through."

"I have heard" (says the young Templar), "when the Doctor was introduced to the King, on his return from his travels, that he told his Majesty, amongst other things, he had really eaten the short ribs of a lion, and that it was a *delicious morsel*."

"Well," (says Wildgoose, smiling, and looking round upon the prospect, and pointing to the French-horns, which were placed in the woods, at some distance from them,) "I have no idea of a more agreeable entertainment, than that to which Sir William has done me the honour to admit me."

The company having finished their collation, Miss Forester was desired to favour them with another song; which Sir William and the young Gentleman from the Temple again accompanied with their German-flutes. After which, the fun being now setting, the Ladies were taken up in a carriage, which came to the
edge

112 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

edge of the hill; and the Gentlemen walked to Sir William Forester's, which was not above a mile across the plain; only, the noble Colonel thought it beneath his dignity to march with the infantry: he had, therefore, ordered his servant to bring his horses; and, mounting his iron-grey, with his *demi-pique* and furniture, flanked the coach upon the *grand pàs*; and Wildgoose, with his fellow-traveller, at Sir William's request, joined the cavalcade.

C H A P. XII.

A Scene in the Nursery.

SIR William had by this time fully discovered Mr. Wildgoose's intention of preaching to the subterraneous race of Lead Miners in the High-peak; and, as he was sensible, from their situation and constant employment, they could have but slender means of instruction, either in the principles of Religion or Morality, he by no means discouraged Wildgoose from pursuing so disinterested a project. He desired him, however, "to halt a day or two at his house; and he would make some
" proper

“ proper inquiries where his instructions might
 “ be applied to the best advantage.” He told
 Wildgoose, moreover, “ that Lady Forester
 “ was herself very religiously disposed, and
 “ would be pleased to have him talk to her
 “ children and her domestics upon that subject.”

When they came to Sir William’s house, which was a venerable pile of Gothic building, fitted up in an elegant modern taste; Lady Forester, who paid great attention to Wildgoose, told him, “ she always went into
 “ the nursery as soon as she came home (especially in an evening), to visit her little folks,
 “ and hear them their prayers.” She likewise invited Wildgoose to attend her thither. At the nursery-door, Mrs. Molly, her Ladyship’s maid, met her, with a little boy of about a year old in her arms, as the most agreeable service she could perform to her Lady; for he, being the least, and the most helpless, possessed of course the largest share in Lady Forester’s affection. She clasped him in her arms, kissed him, and gave him her blessing; and then went round to three or four more, heard them their prayers, and made them ask a blessing; and then, wishing them a good night, returned to the company.

Wildgoose

Wildgoose was struck with Lady Forester's affectionate care of her amiable progeny; which she observing, "You see, Sir," said she, "where my treasure is, there will my heart be also. I am afraid, indeed," continues her Ladyship, "you will think these dear children engross too much of my affection. But, I assure you, Sir, they are the most infallible pledges of my devotion to Heaven. Their health is so dear to me, and I have so constant a sense of their depending for every pulse of life upon the good-will of Providence, that my whole life almost is one continued prayer for their preservation."

Wildgoose answered, "nothing could be more amiable than the tenderness her Ladyship expressed for the welfare of her offspring. He only wished (in his way), that she did not love that little child in the Nurse's arms more than the *belly child* Jesus; through whose mediation alone" (says he) "we are entitled to the favour and protection of Providence."

C H A P. XIII.

Family Prayers; followed by Repartees.

THEY now came into the great hall; and Wildgoose was not a little surprized to find the whole company (except the Colonel) assembled; and Sir William waiting for Lady Forester, with a large quarto Common Prayer book on the table, in order to read prayers to the family.

This would have appeared more extraordinary, if he had known that Sir William, before his marriage, had lived a remarkably gay life, and had even been tainted with many of the fashionable opinions of the age; but his regard for Lady Forester, and a sense of the importance of religious principles to every individual of society, had made Sir William so much a domestic man, as (even when in town) to read prayers every evening (unless any thing very extraordinary prevented it), and a sermon every Sunday night, to his family.

As soon as prayers were ended, Colonel Rappee again made his appearance; but was
raillied

raillied by Miss Sainthill (a very sensible maiden Lady (a friend and companion of Lady Forester's), on "his fondness for private meditation, and the care he took to avoid all appearance of hypocrisy." — Rappee said, he knew no reason, why a man could not say his prayers as well in private as in public, in a walk upon the terrace as well as in a closet; that Religion was a mere personal affair, and the like." He hinted, however, "that he might have as much true devotion, as those who were always canting about Religion, and pretended to set up for Reformers."

Miss Sainthill replied, that, to be sure, "people might say their prayers in any place, or in any posture, and even in a warm bed; but she could not but think, there was a natural decency of behaviour due to the Supreme Being, as well as to our fellow-creatures; and she was afraid" (she said) "those who deferred their prayers till they lay down upon their pillows (as she fancied the Colonel did), very frequently fell asleep without saying them at all."

"Well," says the Colonel, "there is one part of my devotions, which I never forget; and
 " that

“ that is, thanksgiving. I have always thanked
 “ God for three things.”—“ Pray let me hear
 “ those curious particulars,” says Miss Saint-
 hill. “ I suppose the first is, that you are
 “ not an old maid.”—“ No,” says Rappee;
 “ the first is, that I was not born in Russia.”
 —“ What! because you are afraid of the cold?
 “ I suppose!” says Miss Sainthill.—“ No,”
 says the Colonel, “ because I am afraid of the
 “ knout, and do not like arbitrary Govern-
 “ ments.”—“ Well, and what is the second
 “ particular?”—“ Why, that I was not bred
 “ a Cheese-monger.”—“ What! because you
 “ do not love the smell of cheese?” says Miss
 Sainthill; “ but, for a like reason, you
 “ should not have been bred a Soldier,” con-
 tinued she.—“ Why so?” (says the Colonel.)
 —“ Why, because you do not love the smell of
 “ gun-powder.”

Rappee bowed, and smiled; but said, “ he
 “ was most thankful for the third particular.”
 —“ And, pray, what may that be?” says Miss
 Sainthill. —“ Why, that I have not a very *long*
 “ *nose*,” cries the Colonel.—Miss Sainthill
 courtesied, and took a long pinch of snuff, being
 conscious how liberal Nature had been to *her*
 in that respect; and being willing to give Rap-
 pee

118 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

pee a short triumph, by inviting a laugh in his favour at her own expence; of which he was not a little conceited. Miss Sainthill, however, retorted, and said, "a long nose" "would certainly be very inconvenient to the" "Colonel in the day of battle, especially if he" "should ever *face* the Highlanders again; as" "it would be more exposed to the stroke of a" "broad-sword."—"Well fought, Miss Saint-
 "hill," says Sir William. "Colonel, leave" "off, whilst you are well. *Cedant arma togæ*:" "Let Heroes to the Gown give place."

There was now a side-board laid, with some anchovies, olives, and a few trifling things, for those that chose to eat again, after their colation amongst the rocks in Dove-dale.

The company now appearing disposed to retire to their several apartments, candles were brought in by the Butler, attended by Mrs. Molly with a wax-light for her Lady. Molly was a very pretty girl; and had a pair of eyes most perniciously piercing, which she played off upon Mr. Wildgoose, as thinking him a guest not much above her own level. As the eyes are known to have a fascinating power, Wildgoose could hardly avoid returning Mrs. Molly's amorous glances; which was perceived by the
 jealous

jealous eyes of Mr. George, the Butler, who was her admirer.

Mr. George was ordered to wait on Mr. Wildgoose to his apartment; which office he performed with tolerable civility. But Mrs. Molly officiously enquiring, "whether there was a bottle and basin carried into the Gentleman's room," Mr. George (with a surly air) bid her "mind her own business." He then proceeded with his charge up the grand stair-case, and wished him a good night.

C H A P. XIV.

A Morning Conversation on the Back Stairs.

IT was now eight o'clock in the morning, when Betty, the House-maid, was sweeping the back-stairs; but suspended the motion of her brush, and leaned against the rails, to make way for Mrs. Molly, who now made her first appearance, with a ruffle half-hemmed in one hand, and a volume of Pamela in the other.

"So, Mrs. Molly, you were up late again last night, I suppose!"—"Yes, pretty late," says

says Mrs. Molly.—“ Ah ! Mrs. Molly,” (cries Betty) “ *I wou’dn’t not* do it, no, not for the best “ Mistress that ever trod upon shoe-leather.” —“ Why, Betty,” (replies she) “ to be sure, “ my Lady is a very good Lady ; and we are so “ fond of each other’s company, that we never “ know when to part. We were talking till “ after twelve o’clock about this strange Gentleman. To be sure, the Gentleman is very “ much of a Gentleman, for that matter, if he did “ not travel about on foot, like a Scotch Pedlar.” —“ Why what trade is the Gentleman then ?” —“ What trade ! you fool ! Why, he is a “ Gentleman, I tell you ; and has got a good “ estate of his own ; but he is going to preach “ to the poor Miners in the High-Peak.” —“ Why, I thought nobody could preach but “ Parsons,” quoth Betty.—“ No more they “ could, in former times,” says Mrs. Molly ; “ but people are more *cute* and *cleverer* now- “ a-days, than they were formerly. Why “ there is our George, the Butler, can read “ a play, or a sermon, better than our Curate.” —“ Oh,” says Betty, “ I thought you and George “ would have *fit* last night about this Gentleman.” —“ George indeed !” (says Molly) “ a jealous-headed *cretur* ! if *any body* does but “ speak

“ speak to a *body*, a *body* must be called to an account by him, forsooth ! What is the Gentleman to me ? The Gentleman never spoke a word to me, nor I to him ; only wished me a good night.”—“ Well,” says Betty, “ Mr. George swears he will be a match for him and the Cobbler his fellow-traveller, if my Mistress keeps them here another night.”

Here my Lady’s bell rang, and put a stop to the dialogue ; and Mrs. Molly and Betty hastened to their several departments.

CHAP. XV.

On the Expediency of a regular Ordination.

THOUGH Mr. Wildgoose had of late been very negligent of his person, yet, being now in a genteel family, by the time the bell rang for breakfast, he had got himself shaved, his hair rubbed up with pomatum, and had supplied himself with clean linen from Tugwell’s wallet ; so that, when he joined the company in the bow-window, he made no despicable appearance.

After the usual compliments of the morning, Lady Forester again introduced the subject of Wildgoose's preaching to the Miners; and said, "his intention was certainly very laudable; but wondered, as she found he had had an University education, that he did not get into regular orders, before he engaged in an undertaking of that kind."—"Yes," says the Colonel; "Don Quixote himself (mad as he was) would not enter the lists, nor undertake any achievement of consequence, before he was dubbed a Knight: and, though I hate all preaching, I am for a proper subordination, and would have people keep to their *ranks* in life. A Commissary, or a Quarter-master, might as well pretend to rule an army, or to give the word of command in an engagement, as a Layman to interpose in the Parson's trade, and mount the rostrum."—"Why," says Wildgoose, "if the Commanding Officers neglected their duty, it were better sure that a Quarter-master, or any body else, should give the word of command, than that a whole army should be cut to pieces."

I should think," says Sir William, interposing, "the cases are by no means similar; for,

“ for, though the life of a Christian be justly
 “ compared to that of a Soldier, yet, to make
 “ the cases parallel in the present view, you
 “ must suppose that the Officers neglect their
 “ duty, not merely in a single engagement,
 “ but during a whole campaign; in which
 “ case, there would be room for complaint
 “ to be made to the superior powers, and get
 “ them punished, or removed from their
 “ commands. So, if a Clergyman is neg-
 “ ligent of his duty, not in one or two single
 “ instances, but in the general conduct of his
 “ life, the Officers of a parish are bound,
 “ by oath, to present and make complaint of
 “ him to the Bishop of the diocese; but the
 “ Church-warden, for that reason, has no
 “ right, suppose he had *abilities*, to exercise
 “ the sacerdotal function, mount the pulpit,
 “ and harangue the people. Such a conduct
 “ would necessarily be productive of disorder
 “ and confusion.”

Wildgoose replied, “ that, in a political
 “ view, those regulations might be of some
 “ consequence; and that, in general, he did
 “ not think it right to break through the re-
 “ straints of society; but that, upon extra-
 “ ordinary occasions, those formalities were

“to be dispensed with: and I cannot but think,” continues he, “that Providence approves of the proceeding of Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitfield, by the extraordinary success he has given to their labours.”

“That is a very fallacious way of arguing,” cries the young Templar, “because Providence often brings about good ends by very bad means.”

“Well,” says Sir William, “if such irregular proceedings can be proper upon any occasion, they are so in the present instance, which Mr. Wildgoose has determined upon, that of preaching to our poor Miners in the Peak, who are properly as sheep without a shepherd.” Sir William then said, “they intended, the next day, to go upon a scheme of pleasure to Matlock, and to shew some young people the wonders of the Peak (as they are called); and that, if he chose it, Mr. Wildgoose might accompany them in their expedition.”—Wildgoose promised to attend them; but it proved otherwise in the event.

CHAP. XVII.

A Lecture in the Servants Hall.

AFTER breakfast, the company began to separate, and amuse themselves as suited their inclinations. As Bob Tench and his party proposed to angle upon the river Dove, they asked Wildgoose to accompany them. But Lady Forester said, "she would be glad of his company, to attend her and Miss Sainthill in their walk into the Park, after she had visited her young people in the nursery, and dispatched some domestic affairs which required her attendance."

Whilst his Master was thus entertained in the parlour, Tugwell was entertaining the second-rate gentry in the servants hall. The Butler had given Jerry an horn of strong-beer with his breakfast, which opened his heart, and loosened his tongue. Jerry, therefore, diverted the company with the adventures they had met with in their travels; how well they had fared at Alderman Culpepper's, Justice Aldworth's, and Parson Griskin's; and also

what perils they had gone through, by land and by sea. He gave them likewise a sketch of his Master's private life; the credit he had lived in at home, and the converts he had made in his travels; but gave hints, at the same time, "that he thought him a little crack-brained sometimes; and that he himself was fool enough to leave his wife and a good trade, and ramble about the country upon such a *wildgoose* chace."

Whilst Tugwell was yet speaking, Mr. Wildgoose was come (at Lady Forester's request) to the servants hall, to examine and instruct her domestics in the principles of Religion; and, hearing Tugwell prating full-speed about himself and his adventures, he shook his head: "Ah! Jerry," says he, "I was in hopes you were edifying these good people with some religious discourse, instead of entertaining them with your carnal buffoonries. I find, thou hast not yet put off *the old man*, with his affections and lusts."—"Well, well, Master," (says Jerry, being a little pot-valiant) "if I am an *old man*, that is my misfortune, rather than my fault; we shall all be old men (or old women), if it please God we live long enough."

Mr.

Mr. Wildgoose then addressed himself to the servants (who had not quite finished their breakfast), and said, "he was sure, they had a very good Master and Mistress."—"That we have" (cried all of them with one voice), "the best in England."—The Butler however said, "he had one complaint against Sir William; that, if he should dismiss him from his service, he had spoiled him for any other place; as he could never submit to the arbitrary and capricious treatment which servants met with from too many masters."

—Mrs. Molly, who stood at the door with her work in her hand, said, "she had a complaint of the same kind against her Lady."—Wildgoose replied, "if that was all their complaint, he hoped they would not, like too many servants, make it their whole business, when they got together in the hall, to abuse their Master and Mistress, to waste their victuals, damage the furniture, notch the tables, and do all the little mischief in their power."

"But," continued Wildgoose, "we have all one greater Master, of whose favour we ought to be more ambitious; and with a view to whose approbation, we ought to serve our earthly masters with fidelity and care."

Wildgoose then proceeded to ask each of them some questions about the principles of Religion; and found Lady Forester had taken great pains in instructing them: but, as he thought them yet ignorant of the true Faith, and the doctrine of the New Birth (as he and Mr. Whitfield understood it), he began to talk to them a little mysteriously on that subject; when, some of his expressions being necessarily capable of a double meaning, Mrs. Molly cast down her eyes, but gave Mr. George a side-look, with a wanton archness; who, being apprehensive that the same tender glances might be directed where he would not wish them to be, told her, with a jealous surliness, "that she had better go to her Lady's dressing-room, or to the nursery, which was her proper sphere."

Lady Forester, indeed, now rang the bell; on which the servants all dispersed to their several stations: and, after her Ladyship had given the House-keeper her necessary orders, she summoned Mr. Wildgoose to attend her and Miss Sainthill in their morning walk.

CHAP. XVII.

Lady Forester's Morning Engagement.

LADY Forester always made it a rule, to answer every demand of *duty*, before she indulged herself in any kind of amusement; and accordingly went her circuit, almost every morning, amongst the poor people in the village, however she might be engaged the remaining part of the day. Having made up some linen for a poor woman that was near her time, her Ladyship's first visit was made to *her*, to whom she delivered the bundle. As the woman had generally a child every year, Lady Forester had got the linen made of a strong new cloth, that it might serve for more than one child. The poor woman turned it about, and surveyed it with some attention; and, upon Lady Forester's asking her, "how she liked it;" she said, "it was pretty coarse, but she believed it might do."

Miss Sainthill asked the woman, "if she did not thank her Ladyship for her trouble?"

—The woman replied, "Ah! my Lady has

“ so many maidens to work for her, it is no great trouble to *her*.”

Wildgoose shook his head; and Lady Forester smiled, and proceeded to another cottage, where lived a poor woman with seven or eight small children, almost naked, and who appeared to be half-starved.

Lady Forester enquired, “ why she had not sent for some broth for her children, as she used to do ? ”—The woman replied, “ Why, to tell you the truth, my Lady, the broth is not so good as it used to be, since this new Cook came.”—“ I am sorry for that,” says my Lady; “ but what is the matter with it now ? ”—“ Ah ! ” cries the woman, “ Mrs. Filch, the old Cook, used to give a poor body a bit of meat now and then with one’s broth. Mrs. Filch had some charity, and was very good to the poor.”

“ I am afraid not,” says my Lady: “ she was good to some of them (when she was in the humour for it), and bad to others: she would give what was very improper to those that were her favourites, and send others away with reproaches and empty pitchers, just as the whim seized her: and that was a principal reason for my parting with her.”

In

In the next house which they came to, lived a poor man, that had had an ague for some time; to whom Lady Forester had sent a cordial infusion of the Bark. She enquired, "how it agreed with him, and whether he had yet got rid of his ague?"—The man replied, "the stuff had done him no good at all!"—"Perhaps you did not take it regularly?" says my Lady.—"Ah! no," replies the man; "it was so bitter, I could not bear the taste of it."—Lady Forester told him, "all the virtue of it consisted in its bitterness; and, if he would not take that, there was no other remedy for an ague."—The man said, "then it must be as it pleased God; for he could not take *Doctor's stuff*, if he died for it."—And so they left him.

They now met a poor miserable-looking old fellow, who seemed to be just slipped out of an ale-house, which stood by the road-side, near the end of the village. "Well, John," cried Lady Forester, "I am glad to see you abroad again; I thought your lameness had still confined you. How do you like the book which I sent you to read in your confinement?"—"I don't know, my Lady; to be sure, it is a very good book; but I have been

132. THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“so busy, I have not had time to read a word
“of it.”

Wildgoose could not but observe, “that her
“Ladyship had been rather unsuccessful in her
“endeavours to do good amongst her poor
“neighbours;” but added, “that she would
“not lose her reward.”

Lady Forester replied, “she was sufficiently
“rewarded, in the consciousness of having
“discharged her duty.”—Wildgoose added, “if
“her Ladyship could but bring them to have a
“true Faith, she would see the effects of it,
“in bringing forth the fruits of the Spirit,
“Meekness, Humility, Sobriety, and every
“Christian virtue.”

“Well,” replied Lady Forester, “that you
“may not think all my efforts entirely fruit-
“less, I will take you to one of my more pro-
“mising institutions.”

CHAP. XVIII.

A Scene more agreeable than the last.

LADY Forester now took Wildgoose to a
more neat, or rather an elegant, habita-
tion, on a little eminence near the Park-wall.
There was a small court before it, planted
with

with sweet herbs, shrubs, and flowers. On their approach, the door immediately opened to them, and discovered near twenty little girls and boys, working or reading; and a genteel elderly woman in the midst of them, instructing them in their needle-work, or in their books.

The moment Lady Forester entered, one of the little girls threw herself upon her knees before her, and begged her Ladyship, "not to send her home; and she would never be guilty of stubbornness any more." This, it seems, was a piece of discipline observed by the Matron of the school, that, when any of the children were refractory, and a slight punishment proved ineffectual, she turned them over to her Ladyship's visitatorial authority; which kept them more in awe, than the severest corporal chastisement would probably have done.

The children were all clean and neat; and their dress was reduced to a kind of uniform, by a sort of band, or handkerchief, with which they were presented when they came to the school: and, as the children were employed part of the day in weeding the garden, or other necessary business about the house, several useful servants had been sent out from this seminary.

mary, within the nine or ten years that Lady Forester had been in the neighbourhood.

Wildgoose asked the School-mistress, "what religious books she taught the children; and whether she had met with any of Mr. Wesley's excellent tracts for that purpose?"—She replied, "that she had taught them the Church-Catechism and a short Exposition of it; and endeavoured, from thence, to inculcate into them their duty to God, their neighbour, and themselves: but did not think children of that age capable of any speculative notions, or any of the mysterious doctrines of Christianity."

Wildgoose replied, "that there had been of late many instances of children at five or six, nay, even at three years old, who had had great *experiences*, and had *assurance* of their sins being pardoned, and had also been favoured with visions and revelations of an extraordinary nature *; and that we had no reason to doubt, that even now, as well as in times of old, God could make even babes and sucklings instruments of his glory."

The School-mistress expressed some surprize at this discourse; as being ignorant of Wild-

* Mr. Wesley's Journals, *passim*.

goose's peculiar character. But Lady Forester said, "they were going to take a walk in the "Park;" and so put a stop to the dialogue.

CHAP. XIX.

A slight Alarm.

THEY were now come to one of the Park-gates, to which Lady Forester had a key. The Park had a fine sylvan appearance; and they were beginning to admire the prospect, when they heard at some distance a most dismal outcry, of "Help! help! murder! murder! "I shall be murdered." Wildgoose desired Lady Forester and Miss Sainthill to retreat back again to the Park-gate, and ran full speed to the assistance of the person in distress. Passing round a thicket of oaks, he saw, with astonishment, his friend Tugwell lying upon the ground, rolled up as round as a wood-louse, with his head between his knees, and guarding himself with his elbows; but could discover no visible cause of this terrible vociferation. At the same instant Mr. Bob Tench, who (not getting any body to angle with him) had been poaching about the Park with his gun, was running also to Jerry's assistance,

assistance. Upon their calling to him once or twice, Jerry ventured to look up, and began to give an account of what had befallen him.

The case was, Tugwell being so little versed in the natural history of animals, as not to distinguish a Stag from a Jack-ass (which sufficiently appeared at his first setting out on his travels), he had rambled into the Park, to see the deer; where meeting with a large herd, one of them (which had been bred up as a tame fawn) advanced before the rest, and offered his forehead to be scratched; with which instance of familiarity Tugwell was at first highly delighted. But the young deer, who was now above a year old, waxing wanton, began by degrees to be more familiar than Jerry approved of; who therefore poking him off with his staff, the deer began to be in earnest, and, drawing himself up, attacked Tugwell in front with great vehemence, and soon overset him; and, when down, battered him with his young horns so furiously, that Jerry had good reason to cry out for assistance. The young pricket, however, at sight of Bob Tench, had made off, and joined the herd; so that Wildgoose thought his friend had again been alarmed (as he was at Cardiff) by the vain terrors of imagination.

Wild-

Wildgoose now returned, to find out the Ladies, and acquaint them with the cause of the outcry they had heard : but they were so terrified, that they had run home and alarmed the whole family, many of whom were by this time come to the Park-gate ; and, being informed of the truth of the affair, were greatly diverted with the bastinado Jerry had received from the tame deer, and only lamented that they had not come soon enough to be witnesses to the ludicrous operation.

But though Tugwell was not much damaged in his person by this accident ; Sir William, for fear of the stag's becoming more mischievous as his horns became more capable of doing mischief, ordered the poor animal to be shot the first opportunity.

CHAP. XX.

The Lawfulness of eating a good Dinner.

IT being now dinner-time, most of the company were assembled in the dining-parlour ; where (as Sir William kept a constant table) the cloth was laid, and the side-board set out with some degree of splendor. Wildgoose could not

not forbear making a comparison between the elegance with which Sir William lived, and the scenes of misery which they had just been viewing amongst the poor people in the village : and, addressing himself to Lady Forester, said, “ he ought not to indulge himself in *faring sumptuously*, whilst the poor Miners were perishing for want of that spiritual food with which he had undertaken to supply them.”—“ Well,” says Lady Forester, “ but there is a time for all things ; we will not detain you when you have fixed upon a plan of operation.”—“ Why, I think,” says the young Templar, “ it would be a proper act of mortification, for the Gentleman to set out upon his mission immediately, now dinner is coming upon the table : as I have heard Mr. Wesley and his friends (when they first set up this scheme of reformation in the University) used frequently to bespeak an handsome dinner, and, as soon as it was brought in, send it immediately to the prisoners in the castle ; and dined themselves upon dry bread and green tea.”—“ Yes,” says the Colonel, “ but they know better, I believe, by this time ; and are not often guilty of those Popish austerities. They love feasting, as far as I can see, as well as other people.”

“ Why,

“Why,” says Sir William, “I do not apprehend it at all unlawful for the best Christians to frequent, occasionally, the festival entertainments of their friends and acquaintance. If that were the case, our Saviour, instead of giving us prudential rules for our behaviour on those occasions (‘when thou art bidden to a wedding, go and sit down in the lowest room’), would probably have said, ‘when thou art bidden to a wedding, do not go!’”

“Pray,” says Lady Forester, “now you are talking divinity, what is become of our Chaplain to-day, the Parson of the parish?” —“Oh!” says Mr. Tench, “I can tell your Ladyship; he is gone to the Bowling-green club. I promised to attend the Doctor thither; but forgot it till it was too late.” —“Ah! Mr. Wildgoose,” says Lady Forester, “those are things that I disapprove of as well as you.” —“Madam, replies Wildgoose, “I disapprove of those things, because I have really no relish for them; and it would be as great a penance to me, if I were obliged to play a whole afternoon at bowls, cards, or back-gammon; as it was to the primitive
“Saint,

“ Saint *, to stand all night upon a pillar forty feet high. And, I suppose, your Chaplain has no more taste for books or spiritual joys, than I have for those carnal amusements.”

“ Sir,” says Bob Tench, “ the Doctor is a very learned man, and *publishes* something almost every month.”—“ In the Magazine, I presume !” says Wildgoose.—“ No, in the Church,” replies Mr. Tench ; “ he *publishes* the banns of marriage between the lads and lasses, who want to be joined together in holy matrimony.”

As dinner was now upon table, all conversation began to grow insipid. Wildgoose indeed still kept harping upon the same string for some time ; and said, “ that no one, who had *tasted* the pleasures of a divine life, could any longer relish such trash as the amusements of this world generally were.”—“ Mr. Wildgoose,” says Lady Forester, “ let me help you to some of this hashed calve’s head.”—The savoury smell of this dish soon put to flight Mr. Wildgoose’s spiritual ideas. He accepted the calve’s head, and began to fancy himself in the land of promise ; and, with a true patriarchal appetite, he feasted most devoutly.

* Simon Stylites.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXI.

Protestant Nunneries. The disconsolate Widow.

DINNER being ended, Lady Forester's favourite topic, Religion, was again brought upon the carpet; upon which subject, she and Miss Sainthill talked with pleasure. The Colonel, however, could not bear with patience the compliment which he thought was paid to a mere vagabond in this respect; and, at last, said with some wrath, "that he was of the same opinion, in regard to the Methodists, which Charles the Second was in regard to the Presbyterians—that there never was a Gentleman of that Religion, since the first propagation of it."

Sir William Forester replied, "that he had always considered that observation of King Charles (if he really made it) as a compliment to the Dissenters of that reign; when the word *Gentleman* meant a fellow of a genteel address perhaps, and polite accomplishments; but who would drink, whore, or debauch the wife of his friend or companion; and, when

— called

“ called to an account for it, run him through
 “ the body without any more ceremony.”

Miss Sainthill, out of opposition to the Colonel, took the part of the Methodists with some spirit—to all which the Man of war only replied in the words of Hamlet—

“ Get thee to a Nunnery, Ophelia; get thee
 “ to a Nunnery.”

“ So I would,” says Miss Sainthill, “ if there
 “ were in England any such thing as a Pro-
 “ testant Nunnery : and I could spend my life,
 “ in such a situation, with great satisfaction.”

“ Why,” says Rappee, “ I should think it a
 “ very proper way of disposing of some part of
 “ your sex—of the old and the ugly ; of old
 “ maids; and of young women who were too
 “ homely to get themselves husbands.”—“ And,
 “ I assure you,” says Miss Sainthill, “ I should
 “ think it a very happy refuge from the imper-
 “ tinence of fools and coxcombs, with which
 “ the world abounds.”

“ Why,” says Lady Forester, “ jesting apart,
 “ Miss Sainthill and I have often been laying a
 “ plan for an asylum of this kind : and I can-
 “ not think, if there were such an institution
 “ in every county, under proper regulations,
 “ it would be attended with any bad effects. I

“ do

“ do not mean to draw in young thoughtless
 “ creatures, upon every disappointment in love;
 “ or young women, who might be useful in
 “ the world, as Servants, Milleners, or Mantua-
 “ makers, and other necessary employments:
 “ but as a refuge for young Ladies of good
 “ families and small fortunes, who are now
 “ forced to live in a dependent state, or perhaps
 “ to take up with matches of mere convenience,
 “ which make them miserable their whole
 “ lives.

“ There should be a proper succession of
 “ working, reading, and amusement. They
 “ should enter voluntarily into them, and not
 “ before a certain age; as thirty or forty, sup-
 “ pose: yet, to guard against the caprice and
 “ inconstancy of human nature, they should be
 “ under some little restraint; and not be released
 “ from their engagement, without some con-
 “ siderable forfeit for the good of the society.
 “ The number should be limited: and, to make
 “ it an honourable situation, the Queen perhaps
 “ for the time being, or some of the royal
 “ family, would vouchsafe to patronize these
 “ institutions; who should also have a power
 “ of visiting them, and be the judges of the
 “ qualifications of persons to be admitted, and
 “ of

“ of the causes for which they might plead to
“ be released.”

“ Well,” says the young Templar ; “ but,
“ by a Statute of the 27th year of Harry the
“ Eighth, all Monasteries, Nunneries, and Re-
“ ligious Houses, are for ever dissolved ; and I do
“ not imagine any thing of this kind could be
“ established without an act of Parliament.”

“ Ah !” says the Colonel in his common-
place way, “ and besides,

— Vows of virginity should well be weigh’d ;
“ Too oft they’re broke, tho’ in a *convent* made.

“ There was a Widow in —shire, the other
“ day, who was so disconsolate upon the loss
“ of her good man, that she made a *vow*, not
“ only to live single, but absolutely to renounce
“ the world, and never to behold the face of a
“ man again.

“ To soothe her melancholy, she sat con-
“ stantly in her dressing-room, with her curtains
“ half-drawn ; and, with folded hands, kept con-
“ templating a miniature picture of her husband,
“ fixed in the pedestal of a little pyramid, or mau-
“ soleum, formed of her jewels ; which she had
“ gotten worked up into that form, and placed
“ upon her toilette from morning to night.

“ After

“ After carrying on this farce for near three
 “ months, some affairs respecting her jointure,
 “ which was very large, made it absolutely
 “ necessary for her to go to London. When
 “ she took coach for that purpose, her men
 “ servants were ordered to be out of sight; and
 “ she was handed in, veiled, by her own
 “ maid.

“ A friend of mine, in the Guards, who,
 “ though not personally known to her, was (by
 “ means of a servant that had lived in the
 “ family) acquainted with every circumstance
 “ of her fortune and the present state of her
 “ mind, (by a few half-crowns properly
 “ applied) got intelligence of her intended
 “ journey, and of all her motions. My friend
 “ therefore contrived to meet her equipage at
 “ the first stage: and, taking his station in the
 “ bar, as soon as the Dowager’s Maid stepped
 “ out of the coach, he flies to the step,
 “ thrusts the Abigail aside, and, with a gallant
 “ yet submissive air, seized the Lady’s hand,
 “ and offered to conduct her to the parlour.

“ At the sight of a man, even through her
 “ veil, she gave a faint scream, and affected to
 “ be extremely angry with her Maid for desert-
 “ ing her in such a manner. She felt some-

“ thing contagious, however, in the touch of an
 “ handsome young fellow in his regimentals ;
 “ and, though she charged her servant to be
 “ more careful for the future, her curiosity
 “ prompted her to enquire, ‘ whether she knew
 “ who the Gentleman was ? ’ then repeated her
 “ charge, ‘ to make sure that the coast was clear,
 “ at the next inn they came to, before she got
 “ out of the coach.’

“ My friend stayed and dined at the inn, as
 “ the Lady also did ; and suffered the carriage
 “ to set out before him ; but ordered his ser-
 “ vant (by means of a bowl of punch with
 “ which he treated the Lady’s Coachman) to
 “ get strict information where and at what inn
 “ they were to lie that evening.

“ Nay, as her servants had no idea of the
 “ Lady’s delicate distress on the loss of her
 “ spouse, they considered her behaviour as
 “ mere affectation : and, as that sort of gentry
 “ are always pleased with such chearful events
 “ as promote feasting and jollity, they were
 “ much inclined to facilitate a good under-
 “ standing between their Lady and so generous a
 “ Lover. They contrived, therefore, a stratagem
 “ to overcome the Dowager’s reserve, and to
 “ lay her under a necessity of another interview
 “ with

“ with the Captain, by loosening some of the
 “ traces of the carriage, and, when my friend
 “ overtook them, by alarming the poor Lady
 “ with an outcry of danger; which forced her
 “ to get out of the coach, whilst they pre-
 “ tended to set matters to rights. At this in-
 “ stant the Captain made his appearance, leaped
 “ off his horse, and again handed the Lady out
 “ of her carriage. She could not avoid ad-
 “ mitting him to converse with her, whilst they
 “ stood waiting for her equipage in the public
 “ road. The Captain made the best use of his
 “ time; ogled, sighed, and played all the ar-
 “ tillery of love so effectually, that the Lady
 “ condescended at length to thank him for his
 “ civilities; and added, ‘ if he *happened* to go
 “ to the same inn, she would be glad of his
 “ company to sup with her.’

“ In short, there was so close an intimacy
 “ commenced from that evening, that, when
 “ the poor Dowager came to town, she found
 “ her affairs so perplexed, and herself (a poor
 “ helpless woman) so little able to conduct
 “ them, that she began to consult with her
 “ Maid, whom she had best call in to her
 “ assistance. Mrs. Abigail had seen too much
 “ of the rapid progress of her Lady’s passion, to

“ hesitate on the choice; and immediately de-
 “ termined, ‘ that the Captain was the only
 “ man in the world for her purpose.’ ”

“ In short, the exigence of her affairs was
 “ such, and her *distress* so urgent, that she
 “ thought any longer delay would be quite im-
 “ prudent: so that, in less than six months,
 “ she laid aside her weeds, had her *jewels new*
 “ *set*, married the Captain, and was as fond
 “ of her second spouse as she had been of her
 “ first.”

CHAP. XXII.

Frailty not confined to Females.

“ WELL,” says Lady Forester, “ and what
 “ do you infer from this gossiping tale?
 “ That women are poor frail creatures, and do
 “ not thoroughly know their own hearts; but
 “ frequently act contrary to their best-formed
 “ resolutions?”

“ Yes,” says Wildgoose, “ and we are all
 “ equally frail and impotent, without the assis-
 “ tance of the Divine Spirit. This Lady indeed
 “ seemed sensible of her own weakness, by her
 “ first

“ first resolution to avoid the very sight of a
 “ man for the future ; for there is no security,
 “ but by guarding every avenue of the soul
 “ against the approach of our spiritual adver-
 “ sary !”

“ I am afraid, however,” says Sir William,
 “ there are as many instances of frailty to be
 “ met with in ours, as in that which is called
 “ the *softer* sex. The Lady, whom the Colo-
 “ nel has mentioned, was guilty of a very com-
 “ mon, and, I suppose, a very innocent frailty.
 “ She buried one husband, and married ano-
 “ ther. But there has lately happened a very
 “ shocking instance of frailty, or rather of an
 “ irregular indulgence of the passions, in one of
 “ our sex ; the particulars of which (as I be-
 “ lieve it was in his neighbourhood) Mr. Wild-
 “ goose perhaps may be able to inform us of :
 “ I mean, the dreadful story of Sir W. K. who,
 “ in a fit of jealousy, as I have heard, burnt
 “ himself and a magnificent house, which he
 “ had built to please the fancy of an imperious
 “ Mistress, whom he kept ; though he had real-
 “ ly been as fond of his own Lady, as the
 “ Dowager (Colonel Rappee talks of) was of
 “ her husband.”

Wildgoose replied, " that the particulars of
 " that affair were known to all the neighbour-
 " hood in which *he* lived. But the catastrophe
 " was too tragical to entertain so chearful a
 " company. Yet," says he, " if Sir William
 " desires it, I will take some opportunity of
 " relating the whole progress of that affair.

The Ladies, according to a laudable custom, now leaving the Gentlemen at liberty to enjoy a more licentious conversation, and to drink bumpers; and neither Sir William nor his company being disposed to make use of that indulgence; they also soon after dispersed. And Sir William invited Mr. Wildgoose to accompany them to a very romantic place (which he was going to shew to the young Templar), being the seat * of a Gentleman in the neighbourhood; where the river Manifold, after running three or four miles under ground, bursts forth from a hollow rock in the garden, which is laid out with grottoes and cascades, suitable to so grotesque a scene.

Wildgoose would have declined this gratification of his curiosity, but for the sake of a small Lead-mine, which Sir William told him they

* Ilam, the seat of Mr. Porte, now well known to people of taste in most parts of the kingdom.

should

should pass near in the walk thither; where, he thought, he might reconnoitre the ground, in order to begin his operations the first opportunity.

The Colonel, conscious of the advantageous figure he made on horse-back, chose to ride, attended only by his servant. But Bob Tench accompanied them, for the sake of throwing his fly by the way, and angling for trout in the river Dove. And one or two of the servants took Tugwell as far as the lead-work, notwithstanding his bruises from the tame deer in the morning, in hopes of having some sport with him when they came thither.

CHAP. XXIII.

Wonders of the Peak.

ONE of the servants that attended Tugwell in his walk was the old Gardener, who was a man of some humour; and had read many books of Travels and of Natural History, as well as those which more immediately related to his own profession. He entertained Jerry, as they went along, with some account of the

wonders of the Peak ; “ which,” he said, “ they
 “ would see, if he and his Master went with the
 “ company to-morrow, as he found his Lady
 “ intended they should.”

The Gardener told him, “ there was an hill
 “ called Mam-torre (as big as any of the Welsh
 “ mountains which he had been talking of),
 “ that was continually mouldering and shiver-
 “ ing down earth and parts of the rock ; and
 “ yet neither was the hill visibly diminished,
 “ nor the valley beneath raised up, in the me-
 “ mory of man.

“ There is also a perpendicular chasm, or
 “ opening into the very bowels of the earth,
 “ called Elden hole, above fifty feet wide ;
 “ and which has been fathomed above eight
 “ hundred yards, and no bottom discovered.

“ Then there is Chatsworth, the finest house
 “ in England, belonging to the Duke of De-
 “ vonshire. The frames of the windows are
 “ all gilded with gold ; and the gardens are the
 “ most beautiful that can be conceived.”

“ Well ! but where is the D-vil’s A-se o’Peak,
 “ which they talk so much of ?” says Tugwell.—
 “ Why that is the greatest curiosity of all,”
 says the Gardener. “ It is a monstrous cavern,
 “ as high as the inside of a cathedral church,
 “ at

" at the bottom of a prodigious mountain.
 " In the mouth of the cavern are several cotta-
 " ges, where the poor people make pack-thread,
 " &c. And across it run three different streams,
 " which are lost under ground. Two of them
 " you may pass over in a flat-bottomed boat.
 " But the rock closes almost entirely over the
 " third; so that it is generally thought to be
 " impassable. This, however, a man of great
 " curiosity once ventured to pass over, laying
 " himself flat on his face in the boat, and being
 " shoved over by his companions; but he was
 " near a whole day before he returned."

" And what, *the dickins!* did he see," says
 Tugwell, " when he got thither?"

" Why," says the Gardener, " as soon as
 " he landed, he came into a fine *green* meadow,
 " not covered with grass, but paved with green
 " Emeralds; at the extremity of which was a
 " large city, inhabited by people about a span
 " long. Upon inquiring the name of the com-
 " try, he found they understood his language,
 " and did not seem much surprized at his ap-
 " pearance; having often seen and conversed
 " with the inhabitants of this outward surface
 " of the globe, in the remoter parts of their
 " dominions. For, you must know, the place

“ where he landed was the Mineral Kingdom ;
 “ and the town which he saw, the capital city
 “ of the King of Diamonds. They are a race
 “ of Fairies, that preside over the different pro-
 “ ductions of the Mines : not only Gold, Sil-
 “ ver, Copper, Lead, and all the useful metallic
 “ ore ; but also the precious stones which mor-
 “ tals are so fond of, Diamond, Rubies, Eme-
 “ ralds, Sapphires, and the like : which they
 “ crystallize, ripen, purify, and refine, by in-
 “ cessant chemical operations, in the bowels of
 “ the earth. Their city was surrounded with
 “ walls of common Agate or Cornelian ; the
 “ gates were either Brass or Iron ; their houses
 “ were built of different-coloured precious stones ;
 “ regard being chiefly had to their several ranks
 “ or professions. The Royal Palace was of
 “ Rubies and Garnets, the doors of Gold and
 “ Silver. The Bishops houses were of purple
 “ Amethysts, the inferior Clergy of blue or
 “ Sapphires, and so on : though most of them
 “ were lined with Cornelian, or some stone
 “ that was not transparent, to keep out the
 “ scorching rays of the sun, and to prevent the
 “ inspection of their impertinent neighbours.
 “ They set no great value upon Diamonds, on
 “ account of their want of colour ; but prepared
 “ them

“them chiefly for traffic. They had plenty of
 “the finest liquors: their conduits ran with a
 “liquor called Nectar, Honey-water, and Eau-
 “de-luce; and their springs with the most spi-
 “rited mineral waters, such as Spa or Pyrmont
 “produce. But, it being very hot weather,
 “our poor adventurer would rather have had
 “one quart of small beer, than all the gold and
 “precious stones in the universe.”

“Well,” says Tugwell, “but how, the
 “Deuce! did he get back again?”

“You shall hear,” says the Gardener.
 “He was going to pocket a few loose Dia-
 “monds, with which the high-ways were
 “mended, and to pluck up an old Silver gate-
 “post, when he found himself pinched all over
 “his body, and received a great blow upon his
 “back with a stone; and the boat was driven
 “down the stream to a good landing-place,
 “where he returned to his companions: being
 “uncertain whether he had not fallen asleep
 “in his passage, and whether what he saw
 “was a dream or a reality.”

The strange description put Jerry in mind of
 the Utopia of school-boys; who said, “he had
 “rather have gone into the country which he
 “had heard of, where the houses are built with

“plumb-cake or ginger-bread, and thatched
 “with pancakes; the streets paved with apple-
 “dumplings; and where the roast pigs ran about
 “with knives and forks stuck in their buttocks,
 “crying, ‘Come, eat me! Come, eat me!’
 “Though I should like to see the *Mineral*
 “*Kingdom* too,” says Jerry, “if I could see
 “it without crossing the water.”

CHAP. XXIV.

View of a Lead-mine.

THEY were now come to the Lead-mine,
 at the bottom of an high hill; where they
 saw only three Miners, who were winding up a
 basket of ore: but the Gardener told Jerry,
 “There were probably twenty more under
 “ground; and that he had better go down and
 “preach to them, or at least prepare them a
 “little for what his Master had to say to them
 “when he came. And then you will see some-
 “thing of the Mineral Kingdom into the bar-
 “gain.”

As Jerry had heard Wildgoose harangue so
 often on the same subject, he was a little con-
 ceited

ceited of his own proficiency, and really fancied he could almost equal his Master; and seemed at first well enough pleased with the compliment that was paid him. But, when he approached the shaft or mouth of the Mine, he was greatly terrified at the appearance; and said, "For his part, he did not pretend to preach: " that God had not bestowed upon him the gift " of utterance, and of understanding hard " words; but that he only went with Mr. " Wildgoose for company's sake; who, he did " not doubt, would some time or other pay him " for his trouble."

"Well," says the old Gardener, "but, as " your Master may not come in time, you " would not suffer so many poor souls to perish; " for want perhaps of what little instruction " you can give them?" — Tugwell replied, "He was nothing but a poor Cobler; and it " was not his business to *save souls*."—"That's " true," says the Gardener, "as you are a Cob- " ler; but, as you pretend to be a Methodist, " you ought to preach, in season and out of " season, above ground or under ground, " wherever you have an opportunity."

"'Sblood!" cries Jerry, with a licentious air, "I am no Methodist, I tell you; and would " not

“under ground.”—But the Miners then told him, “that there were no more than themselves there; and that the Mine had been under water for this week past; and that they had been employed to bring away some ore, that was left in a cavity about half way down the shaft; and that they only took the other honest man” (meaning Tugwell). “to frighten him a little, by way of diversion.” Wildgoose, therefore, having asked them some few questions more; he, Mr. Tench, and the rest of the company, returned towards Sir William Forester’s.

Tugwell, by not submitting to his fate with Christian patience, had got a broken head in the scuffle; which, though he did not perceive it at first, bled pretty freely. But, as Bob Tench was never at a loss for expedients; and had always a little phial of Fryars Balsam in his pocket, some gold-beaters skin and court-plaster, as well as his cork-screw and mohock; he soon set Jerry’s skull to rights, and stopped the bleeding.

Upon Wildgoose’s lamenting his disappointment in not finding any number of people at the Lead-mine, the old Gardener told him how precarious those operations were: “that a
“great

“ great Copper-mine in that neighbourhood,
 “ which had brought in six thousand pounds a-
 “ year, was now under water, and would pro-
 “ bably be the ruin of a very worthy family :
 “ that one gentleman had spent eight or nine
 “ hundred pounds in quest of a vein of ore ;
 “ and was then obliged (for want of money)
 “ to desist : another gentleman pursues the same
 “ work—and, within two feet of the spot where
 “ the former adventurer had left off, discovers
 “ a rich vein, and makes a fortune of ten thou-
 “ sand pounds.”—“ Ah !” says Wildgoose, “ I
 “ wish people would seek after righteousness,
 “ as they do after silver ; and search after true
 “ religion, as they do after hidden treasures.”—
 “ Troth !” (says Tugwell) “ I had rather work
 “ for eight-pence a-day above ground ; than
 “ venture down into a Mine, for all the hidden
 “ treasure in the world.”

As they went along, Bob Tench left them for
 an hour, to angle upon the Dove for trout ;
 and it being a fine calm evening, he soon
 caught a brace and a half, which he brought
 home in triumph ; and said, “ that was the
 “ finest prospect he had seen to-day.”

CHAP. XXV.

Beauties of Nature.

SIR William and the young Templar, and the other parties, all came to the rendezvous pretty near the same time. When they were come into the parlour and sat down, Mr. Wildgoose appearing rather more serious than usual; Lady Forester said, "He seemed tired with his walk;" and asked him, "how he liked Ilam?" Wildgoose answered, "it was certainly a most romantic place; and he enjoyed prospects of that kind as much as any one, formerly. But—"—"But what?" says Miss Sainthill, with some quickness. "Why, to be sure," replies Wildgoose, "the natural man cannot but be delighted with these terrestrial beauties; yet, considered in a religious light, these stupendous rocks and mountains appear to me as the ruins of a noble palace, designed for man in a state of innocence; and, I own, it makes me serious, when I reflect on the fallen state of mankind, and that the whole creation suffers for our guilt, and groaneth for redemption."

"Well,"

“ Well,” says Lady Forester, all this may
 “ be true; but you don’t think it any sin to be
 “ charmed with the beauties of Nature? You
 “ say; the *natural man* is delighted with them;
 “ that is, every thing great, beautiful, or un-
 “ common, is *naturally* agreeable to the imagi-
 “ nation: and I can never think it unlawful to
 “ enjoy (under proper restrictions) what Provi-
 “ dence has formed us for enjoying.”

“ No,” says Miss Sainthill: “ if it were,
 “ David must have been a very wicked man;
 “ who always speaks with rapture of the beauties
 “ of Nature; of the magnificence of the hea-
 “ venly bodies—the Moon and Stars, which
 “ thou hast created! the variety of seasons
 “ thou hast made! summer and winter; the
 “ sweet approach of even and morn! Thou
 “ that makest the out-goings of the morning
 “ and evening to praise thee! O Lord!
 “ how manifold are thy works! (says he)—in
 “ wisdom hast thou made them all.”

“ Well prayed! Miss Sainthill,” cries the
 Colonel. “ Why Lady Forester has no occa-
 “ sion for a Chaplain; you quote chapter and
 “ verse, as well as the best Divine in Christen-
 “ dom.”

Supper

Supper now appeared; and the *natural man* again resuming his place in Mr. Wildgoose, he ate as heartily as the best of them. After supper, when they had taken a glass or two round, Sir William put Mr. Wildgoose in mind of the promise he had made, to give them the particulars of Sir William K——'s unhappy affair.

Wildgoose replied, "that he could not without some reluctance recollect so tragical a story, which concerned a family for whom he had a great regard. But," says he, "as the thing is public, and shews in a striking light the dreadful consequences of irregular indulgences, and also how corrupt the *natural man* is when destitute of divine grace, I will relate the particulars, with as much brevity as I can.

CHAP. XXVI.

Narrative of a licentious Amour.

"SIR. William K——te was a Baronet of very considerable fortune, and of an ancient family: and, on his return from his travels,

“ travels, had so amiable a character, and was
 “ reckoned (what the world calls) so fine a
 “ gentleman, that he was thought a very de-
 “ sirable match for a worthy Nobleman’s
 “ daughter in the neighbourhood, of great
 “ beauty, merit, and a suitable fortune.

“ Sir W. and his Lady lived very happily
 “ together for some years, and had four or five
 “ fine children; when he was unfortunately
 “ nominated (at a contested Election) to repre-
 “ sent the Borough of W—r—k; in which coun-
 “ ty the bulk of his estate lay, and where he at
 “ that time resided. After the election, as
 “ some sort of recompence to a zealous par-
 “ tizan of Sir W.’s, Lady K——te took an
 “ Inn-keeper’s daughter for her own maid,
 “ She was a tall, genteel girl, with a fine com-
 “ plexion, and an appearance of great modesty
 “ and innocence.

“ Molly I——n (which was her name) had
 “ waited on Lady K——te for some time, before
 “ Sir W. appeared to take the least notice of
 “ her; though Lady K——te (perhaps from
 “ some sparks of jealousy, and to try how Sir
 “ W. stood affected) would frequently ob-
 “ serve, ‘ what a fine girl M lly I——n was
 “ grown!’ To which Sir W.’s usual reply
 “ was,

“ was, ‘ That he saw nothing extraordinary in the
 “ girl :’ and even affected to speak slightly
 “ of her person, and to censure her awkwardness
 “ and her vanity ; for which as there
 “ was not the least foundation, Sir W.
 “ probably intended it to conceal his real sentiments.

“ After some time, however, the servants in
 “ the family began to entertain some suspicions,
 “ that Molly I——n was too highly in her
 “ Master’s favour. The House-keeper in particular
 “ (who in the course of forty years
 “ had been actually engaged in at least forty
 “ intrigues) soon perceived there was too
 “ much foundation for these suspicions. Knowing,
 “ therefore, that the Butler had himself
 “ made overtures to Molly, she set him to
 “ work, whose jealousy made him so vigilant,
 “ that he soon discovered the whole of the affair,
 “ and that it had proceeded much further than
 “ was at first apprehended. The House-keeper
 “ (as that sort of gentry are apt to triumph in
 “ the indiscretions of young people) made use of
 “ the Butler’s *name*, as well as his intelligence,
 “ to her Lady : and this threw every thing into
 “ confusion.

“ Lady

“ Lady K——te’s passion soon got the better
 “ of her discretion. For if, instead of reproach-
 “ ing Sir W. with his infidelity, she had
 “ dissembled her resentment, till his first fond-
 “ ness for their new object had abated (which,
 “ for her own sake as well as that of her child-
 “ ren, she ought to have done), she might pro-
 “ bably have reclaimed her husband; who,
 “ notwithstanding this temporary defection, was
 “ known to have a sincere regard and esteem
 “ for his Lady.

“ The Butler’s officious sedulity, however,
 “ had like to have been fatal to the poor fellow.
 “ For his name being mentioned, as having
 “ made the discovery; and Molly I——n
 “ having told Sir W. ‘ that he was only
 “ piqued at her rejecting his addresses;’ Sir W.
 “ went up into the servants apartment the
 “ very next night, and ran his sword several
 “ times through the bed where the Butler used
 “ to lie; who had (for some reason or other)
 “ changed his lodging, and happily escaped his
 “ destruction. And this rash proceeding of Sir
 “ W. shews how true it is, that whoever
 “ offends against the laws of God in one point,
 “ is often (in a literal sense) guilty of violat-
 “ ing the whole law.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXVII.

The Narrative continued.

“ **T**HE affair being now publicly known in
 “ the family; and all restraints of shame,
 “ or fear of discovery, being quite removed;
 “ things were soon carried to extremity between
 “ Sir W. and his Lady, and a separation
 “ became unavoidable: Sir W. left Lady
 “ K——te, with the two younger children, in
 “ possession of the mansion-house in W—shire;
 “ and retired himself, with his Mistress (and
 “ his two eldest sons), to a large farm-house
 “ on the side of the Cotswold-hills. The situa-
 “ tion was fine; plenty of wood and water;
 “ and commanded an extensive view of the vale
 “ of Evesham. This tempted him to build an
 “ handsome box there, with very extensive gar-
 “ dens, planted and laid out in the expensive
 “ taste of the age. And, not content with
 “ this, before the body of the house was quite
 “ finished, Sir W. added two large side-
 “ fronts (if I may so express it) for no better
 “ a reason, as I could hear, but that his Mis-
 “ tress

“ trefs happened to say, ‘ What is a kite with-
 “ out wings ?’

“ I mention these particulars, because, I be-
 “ lieve, the expence of finishing this place
 “ (which was at least ten thousand pounds) was
 “ the first cause of Sir W.’s encumbering his
 “ estate : and the difficulties in which he was
 “ involved making him uneasy, he (as is too
 “ natural) had recourse to the bottle for relief.
 “ Sir W. kept what is called an hospitable
 “ house ; and too many people being fond of the
 “ freedom and jollity which is usually found at
 “ a table where no Lady presides *, he was
 “ seldom without company ; which brought on
 “ a constant course of dissipation and want of
 “ œconomy : by which means Sir W.’s affairs,
 “ in a few years, became almost desperate :
 “ though, it must be confessed, Mrs. I—n, in
 “ her situation, behaved with great care and
 “ frugality.

“ Well ; Sir W. was now turned of fifty ;
 “ and his eldest son (the present Sir J—s) being
 “ grown up, and returned from the University ;
 “ Sir W. instead of sending him abroad, or
 “ giving him the advantages which a young

* It was a point of decency, at this time, not to bring a Mistress
 amongst strangers. I believe the custom is now altered.

“ man of his rank might have expected ; kept
 “ him at home, and made him a witness, and
 “ in some measure a partaker, of his de-
 “ baucheries : and, what is most to be lamented
 “ (in a temporal view), drew him in, by some
 “ plausible pretence or wrong indulgence, to
 “ part with his reversionary right to his mother’s
 “ jointure, which was very considerable, and
 “ almost the only part of the estate which had
 “ not been already mortgaged for its full
 “ value.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Its fatal Event.

“ **B**UT to hasten to the catastrophe of my
 “ tale. There was taken into the family,
 “ about this time, a fresh-coloured country girl,
 “ in the capacity of a Dairy-maid, with no
 “ other beauty than what arises from the
 “ bloom of youth : and, as people who once
 “ give way to their passions, and are unre-
 “ strained by grace, know no bounds ; Sir W.
 “ (in the decline of life) conceived an amorous
 “ regard for this girl, who was scarce twenty.
 “ This event produced still further confusion in
 “ the

“the family. Mrs. I—n soon observed this
 “growing passion; and, either from resent-
 “ment, or from the apprehension, or perhaps
 “the real experience, of ill usage, thought
 “proper to retire to a little market town in the
 “neighbourhood, where she was reduced to
 “keep a little sewing-school for bread.”—
 “Aye, and good enough too for such huffies!”
 cried some of the Ladies.

“Well,” continued Wildgoose, “young Mr.
 “K—te, whether shocked at this unparalleled
 “infatuation of his father, or (as was com-
 “monly said) finding himself considered as a
 “rival in the affections of this poor creature,
 “sought an asylum, and spent most of his
 “time with Lord L—, a friend of his, in
 “W—shire.

“Sir W. though he had now a prospect
 “of being successful in this humble amour,
 “and of indulging it without molestation; yet
 “began at length to see the delusive nature of
 “all vicious pursuits: and though he endea-
 “voured to keep up his spirits, or rather to
 “drown all thought, by constant intoxication,
 “yet in his sober intervals he became a victim
 “to gloomy reflections. He had injured a
 “valuable wife; which he could not even now

“ reflect upon without some remorse: he had
 “ wronged his innocent children, whom he
 “ could not think upon without the tenderest
 “ sentiments of compassion. His son, who had
 “ been a sort of companion to him for some
 “ years, had now left him, through his ill
 “ usage. And, as she had been for some time
 “ useful to him, he was shocked at being de-
 “ serted even by the woman for whose sake he
 “ had brought this distress upon his family:
 “ and he found himself almost alone, in that
 “ magnificent but fatal mansion, the erecting
 “ and adorning of which had been the prin-
 “ cipal cause of ruining his fortune.

“ Tormented by these contending passions,
 “ he had, for a week past, raised himself, by
 “ constant inebriation, to a degree of frenzy;
 “ and had behaved in so frantic a manner, that
 “ even his new favourite, the poor Blowfelinda,
 “ could bear it no longer, and had eloped from
 “ him.

“ On the morning of the day on which he
 “ executed his fatal resolution, Sir W. sent
 “ for his son, and for his new mistress; with
 “ what intention can only be conjectured: but
 “ luckily neither of them obeyed the summons.
 “ Early in the evening (it being in the
 “ month

“ month of October, I think) the Butler had
 “ lighted two candles, as usual, and set them
 “ upon the marble table in the hall. Sir
 “ W. came down, and took them up him-
 “ self, as he frequently did. After some time,
 “ however, one of the House-maids ran down
 “ stairs in a great fright, and said, ‘ the lobby
 “ was all in a cloud of smoke.’ The servants,
 “ and a Tradesman that was in the house upon
 “ business, ran immediately up, and, forcing
 “ open the door whence the smoke seemed to
 “ proceed, they found Sir W. had set fire
 “ to a large heap of fine linen (piled up in
 “ the middle of the room), which had been
 “ given by some old Lady, a relation, as a
 “ legacy to his eldest son. Whilst the atten-
 “ tion of the servants was entirely taken up
 “ with extinguishing the flames in this room,
 “ Sir W. had made his escape into an
 “ adjoining chamber, where was a cotton bed,
 “ and which was wainscoted with deal, as most
 “ finished rooms then were. When they had
 “ broke open this door, the flames burst out
 “ upon them with such fury, that they were all
 “ glad to make their escape out of the house ;
 “ the principal part of which sumptuous pile
 “ was in a few hours burnt to the ground :

“and no other remains of Sir W. were
 “found the next morning, than the hip-bone,
 “and the *vertebræ*, or bones of the back; with
 “two or three keys, and a gold watch, which
 “he had in his pocket.

“This was the dreadful consequence of a
 “licentious passion, not checked in its in-
 “fancy: or rather, thus may every unre-
 “generate man expect to be drawn on from
 “one degree of wickedness to another, when
 “deserted by the Spirit, and given up to his own
 “imaginations.”

CHAP. XXIX.

A Remedy against Suicide..

“**W**ELL,” says Colonel Rappee; “we
 “are obliged to the Gentleman for his
 “story—and for a sermon into the bargain.”
 —“Why, it is a very serious affair,” says Sir
 William, “for a man to destroy himself; and
 “rush into the presence of his offended Judge,
 “with all his sins and follies unrepented of
 “about him.”—The Colonel replied, “if life
 “was given as a blessing; when it ceased to be
 “such, he thought a man might resign it again,
 “without

“ without offence to any one.”—“ Yes, yes,” says Sir William, “ if he were under no obligations to any law, either of Nature, or Reason, or Society : not to mention the Revealed Will of God, by which all murder is forbidden. But I would desire no other argument against self-murder,” continues Sir William, “ than its being contrary to the very first law of nature, self-preservation ; and its shocking the natural feelings and common apprehensions of all mankind.”

The young Templar said, “ that, as suicide was the most horrid of all murders, a friend of his proposed to have it punished as other heinous murders are.”—“ How is that ?” says the Colonel.—“ Why, by being hanged in chains,” says the Templar.—“ Oh !” says Sir William ; “ but that would be rather a punishment to his surviving family, than to the deceased offender.”—“ Yes,” says the Templar ; “ and that is the very thing proposed ; as the thoughts of bringing such a reproach upon his innocent wife and children would probably restrain many a man from so rash an action, who was deaf to every other consideration.”—“ Well,” says Miss Saint-hill, “ but this penalty would be no restraint upon you and me, Colonel—upon old Maids

“ and old Batchelors. And a man that *burns* himself (like Sir W. K.) would evade the law.”

The Colonel was going to make some reply, when the attention of the company was attracted by a burst of loud laughter from the servants hall; and a sort of riotous mirth, not usual in Sir William's family. Miss Forester, attended by Mr. Bob Tench, took upon her to go and enquire into the cause of this boisterous merriment. When they came to the door of the servants apartment, they found it was Tugwell who had “ set the table on a roar,” by getting up on the end of it, and holding forth in imitation of his Master and Mr. Whitfield.

The truth was, Jerry being pretty thirsty, after his long walk and the numerous perils he had undergone that day, the Butler plied him with strong beer, till he began to wax mellow; in which state of things, Jerry thought proper to mount the table, and harangue in praise of *temperance*; and, in short, proceeded so long in recommending *sobriety*, and in tossing off horns of ale, that he became as drunk as a piper. This inconsistency of conduct exposed our Orator (as it has done more respectable characters) to the ridicule of his audience: so that the Cook had made so free with the
Preacher,

Preacher, as to pin a dish-clout to his rump; and the other servants, in their different ways, had offered Jerry many indignities. Nay, they proceeded so far at last, as to give him the strap-pado, or ancient discipline of the boot, with no feeble arm, upon his posteriors; and then conveyed him hand and foot (like a dead pig) decently to bed.

When Miss Forester returned into the parlour, she laughed to herself, and whispered Lady Forester in the ear.—Sir William asked Bob Tench, “what was the cause of all that noise below stairs?”—Bob cast a sneering look at Wildgoose (as if he were answerable for the absurdities of his comrade); and said, “Mr. Wildgoose’s friend was entertaining the company with a dissertation upon *sobriety*; but his long walk, and an horn or two of ale, were a little too much for him.”

Wildgoose could not forbear blushing at the indiscretion of his fellow-traveller; being sensible that he must rather injure the cause than remote it, as his zeal was probably much greater than his knowledge or his abilities.

C H A P. XXX.

Love triumphant over Sensuality.

IT being now bed-time, Mrs. Molly brought candles for the Ladies; and, in allusion to what had passed in the servants hall, simpered upon Wildgoose. But there was something lascivious in her smiles, that he considered it as almost an act of sensuality to return them; which yet it was almost impossible to avoid.

The Gentlemen sat talking near half an hour after the Ladies were gone; and then retired to their several apartments. When Wildgoose was got to his chamber, had shut the door, and was going to his devotions by the bed-side; he was surprized with the sight of a pink petticoat, a cotton gown, a pair of white stockings, and some green stuff-shoes, thrown carelessly upon the floor; and, upon looking within the curtains, saw a girl, as he thought, in a laced night-cap, her face turned from him, and (as he supposed) fast asleep. Wildgoose was struck silent with astonishment at first: but imagining that Mrs. Molly, who had ogled him so frequently since he came, had laid this snare for his virtue, he
broke

broke out into this kind of soliloquy: "Ah!
 " wretch that I am! I have brought this poor
 " creature to the very brink of destruction, by
 " my own carnal concupiscence. I have en-
 " couraged her amorous wishes, by returning
 " her wanton glances; instead of nipping her
 " hopes in the bud, by a severity of counte-
 " nance, as I ought to have done. But how
 " shall I resist such a temptation? The spirit
 " is willing; but the flesh is weak. I can re-
 " nounce the world, and defy the Devil.—But
 " the flesh—oh! the flesh is weak.—Heaven
 " protect me!"—Whilst he was uttering this
 rhapsody, he, by an almost involuntary motion,
 pulled Miss Townsend's cambrick handkerchief
 out of his pocket; the ambrosial scent of which
 immediately revived her agreeable idea, and the
 tender sentiments which Mr. Wildgoose enter-
 tained for that Lady; and gave a new turn to
 his thoughts. "But oh! wretch that I am!"
 continues he, "how can I forget the kind
 " looks and modest blushes of the incomparable
 " Miss Townsend; and be guilty of any act of
 " infidelity to so amiable a Lady?—Avaunt,
 " Beelzebub! Get thee behind me, Satan!"
 says he, with a vehement emphasis; which
 threw the counterfeit Mrs. Molly into a fit
 of laughter: and out leaped Tom the Stable-

boy (whom the Butler had got to act this farce), and, running to the chamber-door, joined Mr. George and some others of the servants who were in the secret, and who were waiting in the lobby for the event of their stratagem.

Mr. Wildgoose stared with surprize; and was at first a little angry at the joke which was put upon him. But, immediately recollecting that he had invited this insult by his own indiscretion, he thought it best to take no further notice of it. He therefore went to bed; but was kept awake an hour or two, by his vexation at this incident, and other meditations of various kinds.

CHAP. XXXI.

Mare nocturnal Perils.

MR. Wildgoose was just composing himself to sleep, however, when he heard his door open again, and was afraid of some real attack upon his chastity; when, to his astonishment, he heard the lamentable voice of his friend Tugwell. "Master Wildgoose! Master Wildgoose!" says he, "for God's sake, awake:

“ I will not stay a moment longer in the
 “ house.”—“ Why ; what is the matter ?” says
 Wildgoose.—“ Why,” quoth Jerry, “ the
 “ house is haunted, and the bed-cloaths are
 “ bewitched ; and I would not go to bed again
 “ for an hundred pounds.”—“ I am afraid,” re-
 plies Wildgoose, “ thou art not sober yet,
 “ Jerry ; for I hear thou gottest fuddled to-night
 “ in a most ungodly manner.”—“ Ah! Master,”
 cries Jerry, “ I am as sober now as ever I was
 “ in my life, and have had two or three hours
 “ good sleep. But, I am sure, the bed is bewitch-
 “ ed : for there was not a soul in the room
 “ besides myself ; and a witch, or a spirit, kept
 “ pulling the bed-cloaths off me, twenty times,
 “ as fast as I could pull them on me again.
 “ And I am certain it could be nothing but
 “ witchcraft.”

The case was, the Cook and the House-maid,
 by a common contrivance amongst girls who
 love to be playing tricks with young fellows,
 had tacked the bed-cloaths together ; and, by a
 long packthread fixed under the quilt and
 brought under the door, as they went up to bed,
 had played off this piece of fun, to the terror
 and annoyance of poor Tugwell.

Mr.

Mr. Wildgoose desired Jerry, "to go to bed again till the morning; when he himself," he said, "intended to depart: as he found the servants, instead of minding the things which belonged to their salvation, were all in a conspiracy to put tricks upon them, and to defeat their pious intentions."

"Yes," says Jerry, "and so are the Miners too, as far as I can see; and I am for getting out of this heathenish country as fast as we can."

"Why," says Wildgoose, "Sir William and Lady Forester are very good people; but we have done wrong, to entangle ourselves in the pleasures of this world: and though I had promised to accompany them into the Peak to-morrow; yet the servants perhaps may prejudice the Miners against us. In short," says he, "I am afraid, the hour is not yet come for their conversion. Therefore, Jerry, go you and lie down for an hour or two longer; and at dawn of day, we will leave this place."

Tugwell, however, could not be prevailed upon to return to his own bed, which he considered as haunted by some invisible being or evil spirit; but, putting on his cloaths, and laying his

his wallet under his head, slept upon the carpet in his Master's room.

As for Wildgoose, he composed himself for a few hours; but awaking between three and four o'clock, he roused his fellow-traveller, and they set out before any of the family was stirring.

Wildgoose left a note upon the table, expressing his obligations to Sir William and Lady Forester, and making an apology for his abrupt departure: but said, "God had called him elsewhere; and, the end for which he had come into the Peak being (as he thought) frustrated by some unexpected incidents, he would defer his visitation of the Miners to some more favourable opportunity; when he hoped again to pay his respects to his worthy friends Sir William and Lady Forester."

END OF BOOK X.

THE

T H E

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

B O O K X I.

C H A P. I.

The two Pilgrims decamp, without Beat of Drum.

THE two Pilgrims set out from Sir William Forester's (as was related) about four o'clock in the morning; and, as Tugwell did not know what his Master's intentions were, he was much pleased to see him turn his face towards the South. He was surprized, however, to find him so easily give up his project of preaching to the Miners in the Peak; with which view they had travelled so many tedious miles. †

But the truth was, that, besides his apprehensions lest the servants might make a ludicrous use of the adventure of the Stable-boy whom the Butler had put into his bed, Mr.

Mr. Wildgoose had a more powerful motive for hastening his departure towards the South. Mr. Bob Tench, in their walk from Ilam, had told him, by way of conversation, "that he had promised to attend Sir Harry Hotspur to Warwick races, which," he said, "were within two or three days at furthest."—Mr. Wildgoose, therefore, having determined (as a *coup d' eclat*) to bear his testimony against those ungodly meetings, thought no opportunity could be more proper than the present; when he could have a good chance for an interview with Miss Townsend, for which he so eagerly longed.

Mr. Wildgoose now travelled on for two or three hours in profound silence; reflecting on the disgrace he should probably bring upon himself and the cause in which he was embarked, if the servants should maliciously misrepresent the ridiculous adventure above-mentioned.

At length, however, Jerry ventured to ask his Master, "What o'clock it was?"—Wildgoose, looking at him with a serious air, answered, "Ah! Jerry, do not be so anxious to know the times and the seasons: for my part," continues he, "I am resolved, for
" the

“ the future, to *know nothing but Christ crucified*; nor, as far as I can answer for myself, ever to laugh again as long as I live, that I may not, by any levity of behaviour, inspire any weak Christian with wanton thoughts, nor give occasion for any suspicions to the prejudice of my own character.”

“ I will tell you what, then, Master; if you are resolved never to *laugh again*, you must never do two things more—you must never read Scoggran’s Jests, nor ever hear the Merry Andrew at Evesham fair—for they will make you burst your belly with laughter, in spite of your resolution.”—Wildgoose had almost broken his vow at first setting out; and could not but *smile*, at least, at Jerry’s idea of wit and humour.

About eight o’clock, our travellers came to a public-house, at a small distance from a Nobleman’s seat; where they thought it proper to halt and refresh themselves. There were two smart servants, with guns and pointers, in the kitchen, who, as well as the neighbouring seat, they found, belonged to Lord B——, Lady Forester’s father. The servants were going a partridge-shooting; and, as soon as they marched out of the house, my Landlord
 shook

shook his head, and said, "It was a shame, to
 " turn their pointers into the corn, before the
 " Farmers had begun harvest."—"Yes," says
 my Landlady, "they are a sad pack of them;
 " they have debauched the whole country:
 " there is hardly a sober man, or an honest
 " woman, within ten miles of my Lord's house.
 " I do not desire their company here; for I
 " know they only want to ruin my daughter,
 " if they could have their will of her."

Wildgoose thought this a melancholy contrast to the character of Lady Forester; the force of whose good example had diffused a spirit of Religion and Virtue as widely round, as her Father's vicious principles had extended their baleful influence.

Wildgoose answered mine Hostess, "that
 " he imagined my Lord B—— was a good
 " moral man; though he knew he was no
 " great friend to Religion."—"Yes," says
 she, "my Lord does some generous things,
 " to be sure; but then there is no depending
 " upon him: he will be very charitable to a
 " poor man one day; and, if he happens to
 " affront him, send him to gaol the next.

"He almost starved our whole market-town
 " last winter, to be revenged upon them for
 " an

“an affront which they had put upon his Lordship.”—“How was that?” says Wildgoose.—“Why,” says my Landlady, “he went and bought up three or four thousand pounds-worth of coals (for my Lord is very rich, you know); so that there was not a bit of coal to be got at any of the pits for ten miles round the place.”—This account confirmed Wildgoose in his opinion of the precarious nature of mere human virtues, when unsupported by principles of Religion, or (as he called it) when void of Faith or Divine Grace.

CH A P. II.

A learned Inn-keeper. Mr. Wildgoose meets an old Acquaintance.

MR. Wildgoose and his fellow-traveller having had but little rest the preceding night, they made a short stage that day, lodging at a small public-house on the edge of the forest of Nedwood; and the next morning reached Litchfield again about eleven o'clock. They observed upon a sign there a *Greek* motto*, to

* *Ἐπίθι, ἢ ἀπὸθι.*

this

this purpose, *Either drink, or depart about your business*; which they imagined to have been supplied by some learned Prebend, who either frequented or patronized the house. They complied with the first part of the precept, and *were drinking* a pint of ale upon a bench in the yard; when my Landlord, who was a genteel sort of man, vouchsafed to speak to them; and, soon finding that Wildgoose had had a liberal education, sat down by them, and began to inform them, “ that he himself had been bred
 “ at Cambridge as a Physician, and had actually practised at Litchfield; but, finding the
 “ fees but small, and that (such as they were)
 “ they came in but slowly, he had married a
 “ young widow, who kept the inn. And here,” says he, “ I see a good deal of genteel company; I am *Master* of a good house; have
 “ the most amiable woman in the world for
 “ my wife; and live as happy as a King.”

Whilst my Landlord was thus displaying the felicity of his situation, the amiable Mrs. Brewer (his wife) rang the bar-bell with some vivacity; and, with no very melodious voice, cried out, “ Dr. Brewer, where are you? what
 “ the Devil are you about? why *don't-chee*
 “ come; and shell some pease? Here's a Fa-
 “ mily

“mily coming in; and you sit prating to
 “your Foot-passengers, who are drinking
 “three-halfpenny-worth of mild-ale, for-
 “sooth!”

The Doctor moved like clock-work at the sound of the bell and Mrs. Brewer’s voice; and told the travellers, “he would wait upon them again immediately.”

The case was—just at that instant, there rode in, at the back-gate, a young man in a silver-laced hat and a blue great-coat, and called the Hostler with great authority.—“Here, Master; here am I,” says the Hostler; “who’s a coming?”—“Who’s a coming!” “why, I am coming, you puppy,” says the young man.—“Yes, Master, I see you be,” returns Robin: “but what Family, what equipage, have you got? and how many stands shall you want for your horses?”

My Landlady, hearing the Hostler ask these questions, took it for granted some grand Family was at hand. But the Gentleman, who caused all this uproar, turned his horse into the stable, bade the Hostler bring in his *saddle-bags*, and ordered a mutton-chop for his dinner.

As he passed by our two Pilgrims upon the bench, Mr. Wildgoose thought it was a face
 which

which he had seen before (and indeed it was a pretty remarkable one); yet, being engaged with his own thoughts, he did not on a sudden glance recollect him. But, the young man having got rid of his great-coat (which, though in the midst of the dog-days, he had chiefly worn to conceal his saddle-bags on the road), he again exhibited himself at the door; when Wildgoose immediately knew him to be Mr. Rouvell (or Beau Rueful), whom he had remembered at College, and met with at Bath.

As there were now no *persons of distinction* in the case, Rouvell did not disdain to recognize his old acquaintance. Wildgoose being now an Itinerant by profession, Rouvell expressed no surprize at meeting him there. But Wildgoose asked Rouvell, "what had brought *him* to Litchfield?"—"Why, business of consequence," replies Rouvell; "and, if you will dine with me here, I will explain the affair to you; and, indeed, should be glad to consult with you upon the subject."

Though Wildgoose was rather impatient to get into Warwickshire; yet, as the races did not begin till the day following, he had time enough upon his hands. He therefore accepted of Mr. Rouvell's invitation.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The last Efforts of expiring Vanity.

WHEN Mr. Wildgoose and Rouvell were alone together, Rouvell acquainted him with his present situation: “that, having been “jilted by a woman of fortune, whom he “thought himself upon the brink of marry- “ing, he had, in a fit of disappointment, “married an agreeable woman, with a few “hundreds, who was really the widow who “kept the house where he had lodged at Bath; “that he was now determined to live a more “retired and regular life; and, in order to “that, had accepted of a presentation to a “living, given him by one of the Members “for Coventry; and that he was now going “to the Bishop for orders.”

“To the Bishop for orders!” cries Wildgoose; “what! in a laced hat!”—“Oh,” says Rouvell, “that is only to gain a little “respect upon the road, as I could not conveniently bring my servant with me; but I “shall immediately get that piece of finery
“ripped

“ripped off before I wait upon the Bishop. I
 “must confess, however,” continues he,
 “I have been so long accustomed to the gaiety
 “of the world, and to dress like a Gentleman,
 “that I do not at all relish the peculiarity of
 “the Clerical habit. Indeed, I can see no rea-
 “son why a Clergyman should be distin-
 “guished from the rest of the world, by such
 “a funeral appearance; nor what connexion
 “there is between Religion and a black coat;
 “as if Christianity were such a gloomy affair,
 “and so fatal an enemy to all kind of enjoy-
 “ment.”

“Why,” says Wildgoose, “I do not ima-
 “gine there is any virtue in a black coat; but
 “it seems proper, by some external mark,
 “to put the Clergy in mind of the gravity
 “and importance of their function: as also,
 “to prevent their following the vain fashions
 “of the world, and changing their dress ac-
 “cording to the caprice of mankind, it seems
 “adviseable to confine them to some one
 “particular habit; which, I have heard,
 “was the common dress about the time of the
 “Reformation.”

“Well,” says Rouvell, “I can assure
 “you, I think it a great act of mortification,
 VOL. III. K “for

“ for a young fellow of eight and twenty, to
 “ give up so material an article as that of
 “ dress; and could not forbear expressing my
 “ sense of this hardship, t’other day, in a
 “ ludicrous advertisement, which I will shew
 “ you.” Rouvell then pulled out a smart
 Morocco-leather pocket-book, and read the
 following advertisement :

“ Whereas, on Sunday last (being Trinity-
 “ Sunday), between the hours of ten and
 “ twelve, two or three ill-looking fellows, dis-
 “ guised in *traps* (expressly contrary to the
 “ *black act*), did lay violent hands on a poor
 “ young Gentleman, near the Bishop’s palace
 “ at B—d—n; putting him in *bodily fear*, by
 “ bidding him *stand*, and *answer* them several
 “ odd out-of-the-way questions; and did insist
 “ upon his taking several horrible oaths; and
 “ extort from him several unreasonable con-
 “ cessions; particularly, that they, and all the
 “ Gentlemen of their profession, were very
 “ honest, civil Gentlemen (contrary to his
 “ real sentiments and their known practices),
 “ and had a right to treat in that manner, and
 “ impose their opinions upon, all that fell un-
 “ der their clutches; and, moreover, did rob
 “ him of twelve and six-pence in money;
 “ and

“ and did strip him of all his wearing ap-
 “ parel, namely, a smart coat with a red silk
 “ lining, a laced waistcoat, and a pair of red
 “ breeches, with about half-a-dozen ruffled
 “ shirts, and as many pair of white-stockings;
 “ and did even rip the silver button and loop
 “ off his hat:—Now this is to give notice,
 “ that whoever will bring any of the said of-
 “ fenders to the two-faced pump in Oxford, or
 “ to any of the pumps, or horse-ponds, in Ox-
 “ ford or Cambridge, so that they may be
 “ brought to condign punishment, shall re-
 “ ceive an handsome reward.

“ N. B. The Head of this gang is an old
 “ offender, and has followed these practices
 “ for many years; and has brought up several
 “ of his sons in the same *idle* way, who desired
 “ to follow some genteel trade, and to get their
 “ bread in some honest gentleman-like way of
 “ life.”

“ Well, Sir,” says Wildgoose, “ there is
 “ no great harm in this piece of humour; I
 “ only think it a sort of *jesting* which (as St.
 “ Paul says) is not quite so *convenient* or *decent*,
 “ especially in a man that is going to the
 “ Bishop for Holy Orders. Many a man has
 “ paid dearly for his jest. A Candidate for

“ the Consulship at Rome, you know, lost his
 “ election, by jesting upon a poor Mechanic
 “ for the roughness of his hand. However, I
 “ should think, the change of character, which
 “ is expected in a Clergyman, a more weighty
 “ consideration than the mere change of dress;
 “ and that it is a greater sacrifice in a young
 “ man, to give up the gay amusements of life,
 “ than to lay aside his laced waistcoat or white
 “ stockings.”

“ Why,” says Rouvell, “ I should imagine it would be no disadvantage to Religion, or to the Clergy in particular, if they were to remit a little of that solemnity of character, which has exposed them to the imputation of hypocrisy, and the ridicule of the world; and to mix a little more of the Gentleman, both in their dress and in their deportment, which frequently prejudices people against very worthy and ingenious men. And, now my pocket-book is out, I will shew you another ludicrous composition, which a friend of mine gave me, when I first talked of taking the gown.” — Wildgoose said, “ he did not approve of that sort of buffoonry;” but, as he would hear all the objections Rouvell had to the profession

profession he was now engaging in, Rouvell read the following parody on Shakespeare's celebrated description of the seven stages of human life.

CHAP. IV.

A Parody on the Speech of Jaques, in Shakespeare's
As you like it:

"AS this parody is put into the mouth of
"a Fop," says Rouvell, "it is rather
"a compliment to the Clergy, than any re-
"flection upon them.

"——— Sir Plume;

"——— Religion's all a farce ;

"And Parsons are but men, like you or me.

"They have their foibles, and their fopperies ;

"And one sees amongst them sundry characters.

"To mention only seven.——And first—the Curate,

"*Humming* and *hawing* to his drowsy herd.—

"And then the Pedagogue, with formal wig,

"His night-gown and his cane ; ruling, like Turk,

"All in his dusty school.—Then the smart Priest,

"Writing extempore (forsooth !) a sonnet

"Quaint, to his Mistress' shoe-string.—Then the Vicar,

"Full of fees custom'ry, with his burying gloves ;

"Jealous of his rights, and apt to quarrel ;

K 3

" Claiming

198 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

" Claiming his paltry penny-farthing tithes,
 " E'en at the Lawyer's price.—Then the Rector,
 " In sleek surcingle with good tithe-pig stuff'd ;
 " With eyes up-swoln, and shining double-chin ;
 " Full of wise nods and orthodox distinctions :
 " And so he gains respect.—Proceed we next
 " Unto the old Incumbent at his gate,
 " With filken skull-cap tied beneath his chin ;
 " His banyan, with silver clasp, wrapt round
 " His shrinking paunch ; and his fam'd, thund'ring voice
 " Now whistling like the wind, his audience sleeps
 " And snores to th' lulling sound.—Best scene of all,
 " With which I close this reverend description,
 " Is your Welsh Parson, with his *noble living*,
 " *Sans shoes, sans hose, sans breeches, sans every thing.*"

" Why," says Wildgoose, " this parody
 " might be characteristic of the Clergy of the
 " last age : but, I am apt to think, the de-
 " scriptions are now obsolete ; and the Clergy
 " of these times are rather too polite than
 " too awkward, and have more of the Gentle-
 " man than either of the Christian or the
 " Pedant, in their characters. They read
 " more Plays and Pamphlets, than Sermons
 " or Commentaries on the Bible ; they are
 " rather witty in conversation, than wise unto
 " salvation ;

" Polite apostates from God's Grace to Wit.

" But

“ But-I am most sincerely of opinion,” continues Wildgoose, “ that the only way for
 “ the Clergy to escape the ridicule of the gay
 “ world, and to keep up their credit, is, not
 “ to join in its fopperies, but to revive the
 “ primitive manners, and to preach up the
 “ genuine doctrines of the Reformation. And
 “ I cannot but hope, Mr. Rouvell, that,
 “ whatever levities you may have hitherto in-
 “ dulged yourself in, you will lay them aside,
 “ with your ruffles and your laced hat.”

Rouvell replied, “ that he had seriously re-
 “ solved to do every thing in his power to re-
 “ deem his lost time ; and that, although he
 “ might not be able to do much *good* by his
 “ learning or eloquence, he was determined
 “ not to do any mischief by an immoral or
 “ indecent behaviour.”

This serious conversation was now interrupted, by the appearance of a leg of lamb and cauliflowers, and a custard-pudding, which Rouvell had ordered for dinner ; and, though they differed something in their theological opinions, the two travellers were unanimous in their approbation of Mrs. Brewer's cookery, and ate very heartily.

After dinner, Rouvell called for a bottle of port, and said, "he would take a decent "leave of the Laity;" but, as Wildgoose did not chuse to drink his share, they proposed inviting Dr. Brewer, in the character of mine Host, to partake with them; who graciously condescended to honour them with his company, and assist them in the arduous task of dispatching a bottle of his own manufacture: as pleasant a revenge, as making a Physician swallow his own prescription!

Wildgoose having resumed the subject of Rouvell's taking orders, and having earnestly exhorted him "to consider the importance "of the office which he was going to take" "upon him;" the afternoon was far advanced, before they parted; Rouvell setting off for the Bishop's palace at Eccleshall; and Wildgoose, attended by his trusty friend, pursuing his journey towards the borders of Warwickshire.

CHAP. V.

Trifling Difficulties.

OUR spiritual adventurers, having sufficiently refreshed themselves, travelled at a good rate; Wildgoose being desirous to reach Sutton-Cosfield, in his way to Warwick, that night; so that little conversation passed between them. Tugwell, however, could not but express his surprise, that the Gentleman, whom he had seen to-day in a laced hat, and whom he had taken for a Gentleman's servant, was to be a Parson to-morrow.

As it was now some time past the summer-solstice, night overtook them sooner than they expected; and, when they came into the forest, or chace, near Sutton, it was quite dark, and they had wandered considerably out of the great road. At length, however, they came to what they took for a direction-post; when Wildgoose told Jerry, "if he
 "could but climb up the post, and trace out
 "with his finger the first letter upon either
 "of the hands, he could tell which way to

K 5

"turn;

"turn; as, he took it for granted, one road
 "led to Birmingham, and the other to War-
 "wick."—"That I can do then, Master,"
 says Jerry; "for, when I was a young
 "fellow, there was not a boy in the parish
 "could climb a crow's nest so well as myself."

Tugwell, therefore, desiring his Master to
 take care of his staff and his wallet, ran up
 the post like a cat; but, when he was got about
 seven or eight feet high, he made a sudden
 pause; and, squelch, he came down again,
 bawling out, with great consternation, "Lord
 "have mercy upon us! as sure as I am alive,
 "there is a dead man hanging up."—Which,
 indeed, was partly true; for a Highwayman,
 who had committed a murder, was hanged
 in chains there two or three years before; but,
 the body being decayed, only part of the
 skeleton remained, for a terror to these honest
 men, rather than to those hardened wretches
 for whose edification it was intended.

They now travelled on, therefore, under
 the direction of Providence; and in half an
 hour more saw some lights at a distance;
 which proved to be Sutton-Cosfield, whither
 they were bound.

The

The two Pilgrims, coming in late, soon retired to rest, without meeting with any incident worth according: only, finding a drunken Blacksmith in the house, whom mine Host pretended he wanted to get rid of, Wildgoose began preaching to him about the New-birth; which soon put him to flight, and sent him home to his wife and family.

CHAP. VI.

Tugwell is under a Necessity of drinking Strong-beer instead of Small.

WILDGOOSE having been assured, by my Landlord, "that the races did not "being at Warwick till the next day;" notwithstanding the strong attraction which he felt in his heart towards the residence of Miss Townsend, they did not set out till near nine o'clock. After travelling three or four hours in the heat of the day, about one o'clock they passed near some corn-fields; where they saw a company of Reapers, who had just begun harvest, sitting at dinner under a shady oak,

and laughing and singing with great glee and alacrity.

As making converts was the game which Wildgoose had constantly in view, he fancied he had a call to give a word of exhortation to these honest people, whom he considered as indulging a culpable festivity.

When they came up to them, therefore, Jerry introduced himself, by asking, "whether they could give a poor man a draught of small-beer, this hot weather?"—"Aye, and of strong-beer too," says one of them, "as much as thou canst drink: it costs us nothing; and we give it as freely as we receive it."

This hospitable invitation encouraged Tugwell to sit down by them without any more ceremony; and he began to rummage out a crust of bread and a piece of cheese, which he had stowed in his wallet. But a young Farmer told him, "he should not eat bread and cheese there;" and, taking up a basket, he cut him off a good slice of some boiled beef, and a piece of plumb-pudding; of which, at Tugwell's request, Mr. Wildgoose vouchsafed to partake. After eating pretty heartily, and drinking a draught or two of strong-beer out of a leathern

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE. 203

a leathern-bottle; one of the company desired the young Farmer (who appeared in a genteeler style than any of the rest) to entertain them with a song, as he was going to do when he was interrupted by the arrival of Tugwell and his Master. "Mr. John," said one of them, "can sing in the Playhouse fashion; for he has lived two or three years with my Lord in London."—"But what must I sing?" says he.—"Why, the Harvest-home song, that your brother made last year," replied the other.—"Well," says he, "I have got a sad cold; but I will sing it as well as I can: though we have many a weary day to come yet, before our harvest-home."—He then sang, with a tolerable grace, the following ballad.

THE TRIUMPH OF CERES:

O R,

THE HARVEST-HOME.

To the Tune of, *What beauteous Scenes enchant my Sight!*

- "WHAT chearful sounds salute our ears,
- "And echo o'er the lawn!
- "Behold! the loaded car appears,
- "In joyful triumph drawn:

"The

206 THE SPIRITUAL QUIKOTE.

“ The nymphs and swains, a jovial band,

“ Still shouting as they come,

“ With rustic instruments in hand,

“ Proclaim the Harvest-home.

“ The golden sheaves, pil'd up on high,

“ Within the barn are stor'd ;

“ The careful hind, with secret joy

“ Exulting, views his hoard.

“ His labours past, he counts his gains ;

“ And, freed from anxious care,

“ His casks are broach'd ; the sun-burnt swains

“ His rural plenty share.

“ In dance and song the night is spent ;

“ All ply the spicy bowl ;

“ And jests and harmless merriment

“ Expand the artless soul.

“ Young Colin whispers Rosalind,

“ Who still reap'd by his side ;

“ And plights his troth, if she prove kind,

“ To take her for his bride.

“ For joys like these, through circling years

“ Their toilsome task they tend :

“ The hind successive labours bears,

“ In prospect of the end ;

“ In Spring, or Winter, sows his seed,

“ Manures or tills the soil ;

“ In Summer various cares succeed ;

“ But Harvest crowns his toil.”

When

When the young Farmer had finished his song, Wildgoose said, "it was rather better than the common ballads;" and inquired, "whether his brother really made it, as the Reapers hinted?"—The Farmer assured him, "he did; for that his brother had been bred at Cambridge; and though his father would have been glad to have had him assist them in the field, when he came home in the long vacation, yet, instead of binding up the sheaves, or making hay, he would sit half the day under a tree, and make verses."

Mr. Wildgoose was now going to exhort them "to sanctify their labour; by singing hymns and spiritual songs, instead of those ungodly ballads;" when Tugwell, observing a company of women who were gleaning in the field, wished "his old wife Dorothy were amongst them, for that she would make a better hand at leasing than any of them."

"She would hardly make a better hand of it," says the young Farmer, "than a young woman did here last harvest, and to whom we are obliged for our good cheer to-day."—"How much might she earn in a day, then, by her leasing?" says Jerry.—"Why, more than this field and the next
" to

“to it will produce these ten years,” says the Farmer.—Tugwell expressing some surprise, the young Farmer said, “the story was remarkable; and, if they would give him leave, he would tell it them.” Accordingly, he began the following narration.

CH A P. VII

The fortunate Isabella.

“THIS manor (the greatest part of which my father rents) was purchased by our Squire’s father, a great Counsellor in London, who died before he had taken possession of it. The young Squire, being fond of the country, came and settled here about two years ago. He took a small part of the estate into his own hands, for his amusement; and, having a few acres in tillage, used to ride out most days in the harvest-time, to view his Reapers at their work.

“Amongst the poor people who came to glean in the field, there was a young woman, whose mother came a stranger into the parish, and had lived there for nine or ten years,

“ with no other family than this one daughter,
 “ who was now about sixteen, and so hand-
 “ some, that several young Farmers in the
 “ neighbourhood admired her; and, if she had
 “ had a little money, would probably have
 “ been glad to marry her. She dressed, like
 “ our other parish-girls, in a coarse stuff-gown,
 “ straw-hat, and the like; but, somehow
 “ or other, she put on her cloaths so cle-
 “ verly, that every thing became her. Her
 “ caps and her handkerchiefs, which were
 “ of her own making, were in a better taste
 “ than those of our other country girls; and,
 “ when her gown was pinned back, an
 “ under-petticoat appeared, with a border of
 “ flowers of her own work.

“ The young Squire could not but take no-
 “ tice of her genteel shape and elegant mo-
 “ tions; but she was so bashful, that he could
 “ hardly get a sight of her countenance. He
 “ inquired who she was; and, as nobody
 “ could give much account of her (because
 “ neither she nor her mother went out
 “ amongst their neighbours), he one evening,
 “ as she returned home, followed her at a di-
 “ stance, up a winding valley, to the cottage
 “ where she and her mother lived. It stands

“ by

“ by a wood-side, at a distance from our vil-
 “ lage, near a lonely farm-house; which is the
 “ only neighbour they have.

“ The Squire hung his horse to the gate,
 “ and went in; where he found the old Gen-
 “ tlewoman (for so we all thought her)
 “ knitting some fine stockings, and surveying
 “ with pleasure the produce of her daughter’s
 “ labour. The house was very plainly fur-
 “ nished: but the Squire was surprized to see
 “ an handsome harpsichord, which took up
 “ half the room, and some music-books lying
 “ about, with other books proper for young
 “ Ladies to read.

“ Isabella (which was the name the young
 “ woman went by) blushed up to the ears,
 “ when she saw the Squire come in; and,
 “ making a courtesy, retired into another
 “ room.

“ He made a short apology to the mother,
 “ for his intrusion; but said, “ he was so
 “ struck with her daughter’s appearance, that
 “ his curiosity would not suffer him to rest till
 “ he had made some inquiries about her; as
 “ there was something in her manner, that
 “ convinced him she must have had a different
 “ education from what usually falls to the lot.

“ of

“ of young women in that humble sphere of
“ life.”

“ The mother told him, ‘ they had lived
“ better formerly, but had been reduced by
“ misfortunes ; that, however, by her daugh-
“ ter’s industry and her own work, they con-
“ trived to live very comfortably in their present
“ situation.”

“ As she did not seem inclined to be more
“ communicative, the Squire took his leave,
“ but not without offering her an handsome
“ present of money ; which, to his surprize,
“ she absolutely refused.

CHAP. VIII.

Further Account of Isabella.

“ THE next day Isabella appeared again,
“ in the field, and was as intent upon
“ her leasing as usual. The Squire could
“ not keep his eyes off her ; and, having now
“ a pretence for inquiring after her mother,
“ entered into some further discourse with her ;
“ and found she expressed herself so properly,
“ and discovered so much good sense and de-
“ licacy,

“licacy, that her personal charms appeared to
 “much greater advantage, by the beauty of
 “her mind; and, in short, the Squire be-
 “came quite enamoured of this rural damsel.

“After two or three days, he went again-
 “to her mother, and begged, with the most
 “earnest importunity, ‘to be further informed
 “of her story, and by what accident she had
 “been brought to submit to her present obscure
 “way of life; for that he was greatly in-
 “terested in her’s and her daughter’s welfare,
 “and hoped it might be in his power (if
 “she would give him leave) to make their
 “situation somewhat more agreeable to them,
 “than it could possibly be whilst both she-
 “and her daughter were forced to work so
 “hard for a subsistence.’

“There appeared so much sincerity and
 “modesty in our young Gentleman’s manner,
 “that the mother could not avoid gratifying
 “his curiosity. She then told him, ‘that
 “her husband had enjoyed a genteel place
 “under the Government, and, by his care and
 “frugality, had saved a considerable fortune;
 “but that, not being in the secret, he had
 “lost the whole in the iniquitous project of
 “the South-sea; the shock of which had
 “proved

“ proved fatal to his health; and he died a
 “ few years after, leaving her and this one
 “ daughter (who was then about six years
 “ old) without any support, but what she
 “ could raise by the sale of a few jewels,
 “ which did not amount to three hundred
 “ pounds. To avoid the slights of my former
 “ acquaintance (continued she), I retired
 “ into this part of the country, where I was
 “ pretty sure I should not be known, and
 “ have taken the name of Fairfax; for my
 “ real name is ——.’

“ The young Squire heard this short ac-
 “ count with an eager attention; but, upon
 “ hearing the name of ——, ‘ Good hea-
 “ vens! cries he, is it possible you should
 “ be the widow of that worthy man Mr. ——,
 “ to whom our family is under the greatest ob-
 “ ligations? as I have often heard my father
 “ declare; who always lamented, that he never
 “ could hear what was become of you and
 “ your daughter; and, I am certain, would
 “ have been extremely happy in an opportunity
 “ of shewing his gratitude to the family of his
 “ worthy friend. I hope, however, that hap-
 “ piness is reserved for me. But (continued
 “ the Squire) did not you know that my
 “ father

“ father had purchased this manor, and
 “ that he was the friend of your late valuable
 “ husband ?”—‘ Why, (replies Mrs. Fairfax).
 “ my time is so constantly taken up with the
 “ instruction of my daughter, and with the
 “ business necessary for our support, that I
 “ converse but little with our neighbours; and
 “ though I may have heard, that a Mr. —
 “ had purchased the manor, and know that
 “ my dear Mr. Fairfax (so I call him) had a
 “ friend of that name, yet I never thought that
 “ your father was under any further obligations
 “ to assist his friend’s distressed family than
 “ many others were, from whom I never re-
 “ ceived the least act of friendship, though I
 “ knew they had it in their power to alleviate
 “ our distress.’

“ The Squire then told Mrs. Fairfax, ‘ that
 “ he hoped there were various ways by which
 “ he could render their situation more happy
 “ than it seemed to be at present: but that
 “ there was only one way by which he could
 “ do it with complete satisfaction to himself;
 “ which was, with her permission, by laying
 “ himself and his fortune at her daughter’s
 “ feet; which he should do with the greatest
 “ pleasure.’

“ Mrs.

"Mrs. Fairfax was astonished at so generous
 "an offer; but desired the young Gentleman,
 "not to engage rashly in an affair of so much im-
 "portance, and to consider thoroughly how he
 "could support the railery of his acquaint-
 "ance, and perhaps the resentment of his
 "friends; which he might reasonably expect
 "from so *imprudent* an alliance.' The young
 "Squire replied, 'that he was his own
 "master; that he was sufficiently acquainted
 "with Isabella's personal charms; and would
 "rely upon Mrs. Fairfax's care of her edu-
 "cation, for every other accomplishment; and
 "should think himself completely happy, if the
 "proposal proved agreeable to the young
 "Lady's inclinations.'

"In short, the fair Isabella was immediately
 "sent for; and the Squire left the mother to
 "propose it to her daughter; who, after a de-
 "cent parley, with gratitude surrendered her
 "charms to so generous a lover. They were
 "married in a fortnight's time; and are now
 "as happy as the day is long.

"The old Lady will not be prevailed upon
 "to forsake her little cottage by the wood-side;
 "but has enough allowed her to keep a maid-
 "servant;

“servant; and the coach is sent almost every day, to carry her to the great house.

“As a compliment to his Lady, the Squire intends every year to give us a dinner, out in the field, on the day we begin harvest; and another, at the hall, by way of harvest-home; on which occasion, last year, my brother made the song which I have now sung.”

“Well,” says Tugwell, when the young Farmer had finished his story, “this is right now, to take care of the old Gentlewoman; and, I dare say, she now makes three meals a day, and a supper at night. Why, this is just for all the world like a story in a history-book.”—“Yes,” says Mr. Wildgoose, “it is like a story in the Book of books, the story of Boaz and Ruth.”—“Well,” says Tugwell, “if the Squire is a man after my own heart; and I will drink his health in another draught of strong-beer, if you will give me leave.”

The leathern bottle then went round, and Jerry began to talk apace; when Mr. Wildgoose endeavoured to give the conversation a religious turn; and, amongst other things, observed, in allusion to their present employment, “that the harvest, indeed, was great; but the
“labourers

“labourers (meaning the true Ministers of the Gospel) were few.”—The Reapers, not understanding his allegory, said, “they were enough of them to cut down that field, and as much more, in a week’s time.” But, considering Wildgoose’s speech as an hint that it was time for them to resume their labour, they leaped up, and fell to work with great cheerfulness and alacrity, leaving the two travellers to pursue their journey at their leisure.

CHAP. IX.

A curious Inscription.

ABOUT eight in the evening, Mr. Wildgoose and his humble friend came to a public-house near Meriden, on the Chester road; whose sign being suspended in a shady elm, it has obtained the name of, The George in the Tree. Wildgoose, during this peregrination, had adopted a laudable custom, though attended with some little expence as well as trouble; which was, when he came to an inn, to read whatever he found written either on the walls or in the windows; and, where-ever

"servant; at

"day, to car

"As a c

"intends

"the fie'

"anot

"on

"th

"

Fa

"

As the spiritual consort.
that was any thing obscene or immoral, ei-
ther to write under it something by way of an-
swers; or, if it were very shocking, he would
surely carve it, if written upon a wall; or, if
in a window, break out the pane, and pay the

As he was examining the parlour-windows
in this little hotel (which, affording entertain-
ment for horse as well as man, might be called
an inn) he observed the following remarkable
inscription:

"J. S. D. S. P. D. HOSPES IGNOTVS,
 "PATRIAE (VT NVNCEST) PLVSQVAM VELLE
 "NOTVS,

"TEMPESTATE PVLSVS,

"HIC Pernoctavit,

"A. D. MDCCXXVI."

"Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's in
 "Dublin, here a stranger unknown, but in
 "his own country (such as it now is) better
 "known than he would wish to be; being
 "driven by a storm, lodged here all night, in
 "the year of our Lord 1726."

Mr. Wildgoose, having at present little cu-
 riosity of that kind, did not take out the pane;
 as he probably might have done for three half-
 pence, and as was done soon after by some more
 curious traveller.

He

He then went into the kitchen, according to custom, to give some little spiritual instructions to the family, or to any one that he might accidentally meet with ; where he saw two travelling women, who seemed much fatigued, as they had sufficient cause, having travelled on foot that day above twenty miles. One of them seemed a pretty genteel woman, but had a melancholy dejected look ; which attracted Wildgoose's particular attention : and he addressed himself to her as a person under affliction, applying the common topics of consolation for the evils of life. But, the poor woman making little reply, Wildgoose soon left her, without satisfying his curiosity for the present, and went early to rest.

C H A P. X.

Mr. Wildgoose makes a new Acquaintance.

AS they had but a short stage to Warwick, and the races were not to begin till the afternoon, the two Pilgrims did not set out very early ; but, travelling a good pace, they soon overtook the two women whom they had seen

the preceding night, though they had set out some time before them. As they were to travel half a mile further the same road, Tugwell asked them, by way of conversation, "whether they were going to London, or not?"—One of them answered, "No; but into ——shire."—The afflicted Lady then asked Mr. Wildgoose, "if he knew any thing of one "Squire Townsend in that county?"—"Squire Townsend!" replies he, with some surprize, "yes, I know something of the "family."—She then inquired, "if he knew "whether either of the daughters were married lately, or likely to be married?"—Wildgoose answered, "that he did not know that "they were; and that he could venture to "assure her to the contrary; though I have "heard," continued he, "that an half-pay "Irish Officer had made pretensions to one of "them: but her father, I am pretty sure, will "never listen to the proposals of such an "empty coxcomb, and one who has no visible "fortune to support his daughter."

The poor woman turned pale as Wildgoose was speaking; and all on a sudden burst into a flood of tears. Wildgoose expressing great astonishment, the other woman (who was the
Lady's

Lady's Maid) said, "that Irish Officer was the
 " vilest of men ; that he was this poor Lady's hus-
 " band, with whom he had had a good fortune,
 " and by whom he had three fine children ; but
 " he had gone to England, under a pretence of
 " soliciting better preferment in the army, and
 " left her destitute of any other support than
 " what she could meet with from her own
 " friends ; and, what was more base, (if their
 " intelligence was true) he was going to draw
 " in another young Lady of family and for-
 " tune, by a marriage which must necessarily
 " be invalid."

This intelligence greatly alarmed Mr. Wildgoose ; as he did not know what impression this Irish hero might have made upon the object of *his* affections. But when the Lady, finding him so well acquainted with the family, produced the letter which she had received upon that subject, he was struck dumb with astonishment ; for the person who gave the intelligence, and who had been a servant to the late Captain Townsend, mentioned Miss *Julia* Townsend as the Lady to whom Captain Mahoney was going to be married : so that Wildgoose began to suspect, either that Miss Townsend had not been sincere in the contempt

which she expressed of Captain Mahoney; or that, since he had seen her, some scheme of that kind might have been brought about by the widow Townsend's influence over her father.

Mr. Wildgoose, however, carefully concealed how much he was interested in the affair; and, knowing how whimsical Mr. Townsend was in giving Roman names to his children, he told Mrs. Mahoney, "that the person who wrote the account must certainly have mistaken Miss Julia Townsend for Miss Lucia; as, to his knowledge, the former had been some months from her father, and was now with a relation near Warwick; and that he himself was in hopes of seeing her there, either that very night (or the next morning at furthest) after he had dispatched some business which he had upon his hands that afternoon." He added, moreover, "that the nearest way she could go to Mr. Townsend's was, to leave the great London road, and go through Warwick, whither he himself would conduct her."

Mrs. Mahoney and her companion thought themselves very fortunate in meeting with a man who seemed capable of assisting them in
the

the affair which had brought them to England, and gladly joined them. This droll party, therefore, united by an odd concurrence of interests, trudged on very amicably together, and about dinner-time arrived at the borough of Warwick.

Mr. Wildgoose was at first inclined to go immediately to Dr. Greville's, and inform Miss Townsend of the discovery he had made: but, thinking it sinful to prefer the temporal felicity of one family to the immortal happiness of thousands, which, he flattered himself, depended upon his preaching, he rejected with horror that design.

CHAP. XI.

At Warwick.

MR. Wildgoose took his company to the first inn that presented itself. They found every one in motion, and preparing to set out for the course, which was some little distance from the town. They got some dinner, however, and all sat down together: during which, Tugwell observed, "how comical

“it was, that they should happen to meet with the Lady so cleverly;” and said, “if he could but meet with his son Joseph again, he should think his time well bestowed. “It was but last night,” added Jerry, “that I dreamed about him: I thought *as how* they were going to let me down in the Lead-mines again; and *as how* our Joe came and drew his sword, and beat the Miners off, and *drawed* me up again. But I shall never see poor Joe any more; if he had been alive, we should certainly have heard from him in five years time: but, perhaps, one reason why Joe has never wrote to us is, because he can neither write nor read.”

As the company had more important concerns of their own to engage their thoughts, they paid little attention to Jerry’s disquisition. But, as soon as they had made a short meal, and Mr. Wildgoose had safely deposited Mrs. Mahoney and her companion, under a promise to wait at the inn till his return, he set out with his friend Tugwell, conducted by an intelligent lad belonging to the inn; who, as they walked together, promised, at Mr. Wildgoose’s request, to furnish him with a table, or joint-stool, from their booth; for, the lad taking

Wildgoose

Wildgoose for a Conjuror, the poor boy imagined he should by that means see his legerdemain performances, or slight of hand, for nothing.

CHAP. XII.

Olympic Honours.

THE two Pilgrims approached the scene of action just as the horses were going to start. Their ears were saluted with variety of sounds: the trumpet had just given the signal to prepare for the first heat; a recruiting party, with drums and fifes, were beating up for volunteers; and, in every part of the field, "Steed answer'd steed in high and boastful neighings," as Shakespeare expresses it. The whole course was in motion; the coaches and chariots whirling towards the starting-post, or other convenient stands; the horsemen scampering different ways, according as they imagined they should get the best view of the sport; in another part, the knowing ones, with great composure, though with horrid oaths and imprecations,

L 5

were

were settling the bets, and, with profound skill, deciding the fates of the different horses.

Wildgoose was moved with compassion, or (to use his own expression) his bowels yearned for his poor brethren, to see with what thoughtless eagerness and vain curiosity they scowered across the plain, in pursuit of they knew not what; each miserable Mechanic apparently as solicitous about the contest, as if his salvation depended upon the event. Amongst other objects, he could not but take notice of a young man of fortune, an old Oxford acquaintance, exalted in the stand, or balcony, of the starting-post; who looked down with the utmost contempt upon all below him; fancying himself superior to a Roman General in his triumphant car, or even to Mr. Whitfield, when he preached from the starting-post at Northampton.

Wildgoose's zeal for the cause he was engaged in was raised almost beyond controul. He thought it best, however, to defer his harangue till after the first heat; when the people would be more inclined to listen to his admonitions, than in the present tumultuous agitation of their spirits.

C H A P.

CHAP. XIII.

Mr. Wildgoose's Farewell Sermon.

ACCORDINGLY, the heat being now over, and people a little composed from their eager attention to the sport, Mr. Wildgoose applied to his young friend at the booth that belonged to the inn where they had dined, who procured a table, which Tugwell placed upon a little eminence; by which means his Master was sufficiently exalted above the crowd; who, with several chariots and horsemen, soon gathering round him, Mr. Wildgoose, without more ceremony, began to harangue them with great vehemence, both of language and gesticulation.

Though Wildgoose insisted strenuously upon the unlawfulness and bad tendency of these Paganish diversions, and the bad effect they had upon the mind of a Christian; yet his principal intention was, to make use of this opportunity to inculcate his peculiar tenets, and to make proselytes to true Christianity, or,

what he always thought equivalent, the doctrines of Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitfield.

But, whilst Wildgoose was enumerating the evil consequences of these ungodly assemblies, and, amongst the rest, graphically describing the sad effects of drunkenness and intemperance; a young fellow on horseback, who was drinking with some more company, having a glass decanter in his hand, before it was quite empty, hurled it with great vehemence at the Preacher's head, bidding him, "drink, and be
"d—mn'd!"

The decanter struck Wildgoose just above the left temple; and (being, in order to deceive the customers in the measure, fluted and crumbled into various angles) not only brought him senseless to the ground, but also cut a branch of the temporal-artery, from which the blood issued forth in great abundance, and alarmed all the company, who thought Wildgoose killed upon the spot.

Poor Tugwell, seeing his Master struck down, and, for aught he knew, mortally wounded, broke out into doleful lamentations; being equally concerned, both for his friend and for himself. He said, "he should
"be hanged, for enticing Mr. Geoffry from
"home;

“home; — or, at least, should lose Madam Wildgoose’s custom, and be forbidden the “house.”

Jerry, however, thrust away and shoved off the crowd, in order to assist his Master; and was so angry with every body about him, that he gave one a blow in the face, another a puuch in the guts, and another a knock on the pate with his staff; which brought three or four surly fellows upon Jerry’s back; and he would probably have suffered as much in the scuffle as his Master had done, had not a young fellow in a military habit, with a knapsack on his back, and a cutlass by his side, pushed through the crowd very opportunely, and come to his assistance.

Jerry, in his hurry, could hardly forbear striking even his deliverer; but, seeing an hanger by his side, he was kept a little in awe, and made a bow to the Gentleman Soldier, for his friendly aid. The Soldier, catching hold of Tugwell with both his hands, cried out, “Dear father! do not you know me? Give “me your blessing. How does mother do?”

Tugwell stood staring for some time, before he knew his son Joseph; who (as the Reader may, or perhaps may not, remember) has
been

been mentioned more than once, as being sent for a Soldier, and supposed to have died in America. Jerry threw his arms about his son's neck, expressing the utmost joy and surprise; and said, "Now his dream was out!" and began to ask twenty questions in a breath; which, Joseph said, "he would answer at a proper time."

They now therefore assisted in carrying young Wildgoose, whom Tugwell had announced to his son, into the booth, that proper care might be taken of their friend in this unhappy situation.

CHAP. XIV.

Work for the Doctor.

AMONGST the horsemen whose curiosity had drawn them to hear Wildgoose, was a well-booted Grecian, in a fustian frock and jockey cap, who seemed greatly affected with this accident, and rode immediately with great trepidation in quest of a Surgeon. This was no other than the benevolent Mr. Bob Tench, who (the Reader may recollect) became

THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

came acquainted with Mr. Wildgoose at Sir William Forester's in the Peak, and said, "he was to attend Sir Harry Hotspur to Warwick races." Bob was directed by some of the company to Dr. Slash, an elderly Surgeon, who was smoaking his pipe over a tiff of punch, by himself, in the next booth. Bob summoned him, with great authority, "to come immediately to the wounded Itinerant, who," he said, "would bleed to death."

The Surgeon continued smoaking on with great compofure; and asked, "who was to pay him for his trouble?" ohferving, that "he could not work for nothing; that their education was very expensive; that, besides serving seven years apprenticeship, they were obliged to walk the hospitals, to attend anatomical and pharmaceutical lectures, and the like."

"D—mn your *anno-domical, farta-shitical* lectures," cries Bob; "why, the man is dying, and, if you don't come immediately, will bleed to death. Come along; I myself will see you paid."

Dr. Slash then beat out his pipe; took another glass of punch; and, with a very important air, rose up, and went to attend the wounded

wounded Orator, who by this time was carried into the other booth, and was come a little to himself again. The Doctor, however, shook his head; magnified the danger of the contusion; and took several ounces of blood from the Patient, notwithstanding what he had lost from the wound. While the Doctor was preparing his bandages and dressings, the company, according to custom, were very officiously giving their advice. Bob Tench was for applying only some Fryars Balsam, and some Gold-beaters skin; which (as we observed) he always carried in his pocket. Jerry Tugwell wished, "that his namesake, Dr. Tugwell, the great Bone-setter of Evesham, was there; who," he said, "would cure his Worship in the twinkling of an eye."—Young Tugwell said, "*if so be* the Surgeon of their Regiment were there, he would cut off a leg, and tie up the arteries, and stop the blood, in the firing of a pistol."—My Landlord belonging to the booth, putting in his verdict, said, "a little *permacetty* and a dram of brandy was the *sovereignst* thing in the world for an inward bruise."

Dr. Slash (you may suppose) did not look very pleasant during these wise instructions.

On

On the contrary, he gave himself no small airs; and said, "if they made such a noise, "and the Patient could not be kept more "quiet, the Devil might dress the wound; "for he would have no more to do with it."

CHAP. XV.

An old Gentleman in Black arrives.

JUST as Mr. Slash had mentioned the Devil, a tall elderly Gentleman in black came into the booth; and, applying himself to Slash, inquired, "whether the Patient "might be removed without any danger, as "he could not have proper care taken of him "in such a place as that?"—The Surgeon, bowing with great respect, answered, "that, "to be sure, there would be some danger in "removing him; for, if the artery should "bleed again, he did not know how it would "be stopped; but, however, with great care," he added, "he *might* be removed."

Wildgoose himself said, "he should be glad "to be conveyed, if possible, to the inn at "Warwick; as some company waited for "him

"him there, with whom he had business of
 "great consequence." He then called Tug-
 well to him, and told him, "he would have
 "him go, that very night, with a note which he
 "would write, to Miss Townsend, to ac-
 "quaint her with the discovery which they
 "had made in regard to Captain Mahoney."

He then pulled out his pen and ink, and some
 paper out of his letter-case, and wrote a short
 note, which he sealed, and directed it, "To
 "Miss Townsend, at Dr. Greville's, at ———,
 "near Warwick." This direction he shewed
 to Mr. Slash; and asked him, "whether he
 "could instruct his fellow-traveller how to find
 "out the place?"—"Why," says Slash, with
 surprise, "this Gentleman in black is Dr.
 "Greville himself."—He then informed the
 Doctor of Mr. Wildgoose's request.—Wild-
 goose, who was agreeably surprized at this un-
 expected interview, desiring to speak with Dr.
 Greville in private; the Doctor replied, "that
 "they would get into his chariot, and then
 "they might converse without interruption."
 —Wildgoose, therefore, taking leave of Bob
 Tench, and directing Tugwell, with his son
 Joseph, to meet him at the inn at Warwick,
 was lifted into the chariot; and he and Doctor

Greville

Greville (who gave the Surgeon orders where to see his Patient the next day) set off together.

CHAP. XVI.

Character of Dr. Greville.

DOCTOR Greville was a Clergyman, in whom the sacerdotal character appeared in its genuine dignity; not in an assumed solemnity of aspect, or formal grimace, and a pompous perriwig as big as Dr. Sacheverell's; but in a serious, yet affable, behaviour; the result of a sincere piety, sanctity of manners, and goodness of heart. He had a considerable independent fortune; which enabled him to obey the impulse of a generous and humane disposition. And it was a maxim with him, "that, while a single person in his neighbourhood wanted the necessaries of life, he had no right to indulge himself in its superfluities."

He undertook the care of a large and populous parish; but with no other motive than that of doing good, the stipend being hardly sufficient to maintain a resident Curate.

Dr.

This letter was written in so ambiguous a style, that it was difficult to determine whether Mr. Wildgoose were more solicitous for Miss Townsend's happiness, or his own. And there was such a mixture of the amorous and the devout, that it might be taken either in a spiritual or in a carnal sense; though, to any one that knew human nature so well as Dr. Greville did, there could be no difficulty in what sense such a correspondence between two young persons of different sexes ought to be interpreted. Dr. Greville was not displeased, therefore, at this opportunity of making some observations upon Miss Townsend's behaviour on such an occasion; and the violent effect which Wildgoose's accident had upon this young Lady left Dr. Greville no room to doubt of the tender regard which she entertained for him.

Dr. Greville was greatly alarmed at Miss Townsend's fainting away, and sent the Footman, in a great hurry, to procure some water from the next booth; who, seeing the Lady of their Manor in her coach with her two daughters, acquainted them with the accident. She immediately sent one of her daughters to Miss Townsend's assistance; and, by Dr. Greville's permission,

permission, took Miss Townsend into her coach for the rest of the afternoon; which left him at liberty to make proper inquiries after the wounded Pilgrim, and to take him into his chariot, as has been related.

CHAP. XVII.

Dr. Greville and Mr. Wildgoose.

AS soon as they were alone together in the chariot, Wildgoose related to Dr. Greville the circumstances of his getting acquainted with Miss Townsend at Gloucester; and then his accidental meeting with Mrs. Mahoney, and the discovery he had made of Captain Mahoney's villainous design upon some one of Mr. Townsend's daughters; which greatly alarmed Dr. Greville, though he said, "that all Mr. Townsend's friends had a very bad opinion of the Widow Townsend, whom he had taken into his house.

"It is very lucky, however," added Dr. Greville, "that Mr. Townsend will be at our house this very evening, if he is not yet arrived; in expectation of which, Mrs. Greville

“ville stayed at home to-day. And for that reason (and because, I believe, you will be better taken care of at my house than at an inn), I would have you by all means go home with me to my parsonage-house.”—Wildgoose found no great reluctance in complying with so kind a proposal; which would give him the opportunity, he so long wished for, of seeing and conversing with Miss Julia Townsend. After a decent apology, therefore, for giving so much trouble to strangers, he told the Doctor, “he would gladly accept of his offer.”

They now arrived at the inn at Warwick; where they found Mrs. Mahoney waiting with patience for Wildgoose's return. She was not only surprized, however, to see him return in that manner; but his pale look, and the bandage about his head, disguised him so much, that she could hardly be persuaded he was the same man. But, when that point was cleared up, and she was informed of Dr. Greville's connexion with Mr. Townsend's family, she confirmed what she had said to Mr. Wildgoose; and also produced the letter which she had received upon the subject.

When

When Dr. Greville, however, found Miss Julia Townsend mentioned, he laid but little stress upon this intelligence. But, after talking the affair over, they concluded there would be no harm in shewing Mr. Townsend the letter, who would be able to judge what regard was to be paid to it. And then, advising Mrs. Mahoney to rest contented at the inn till the next morning, Dr. Greville and Wildgoose took their leave.

As they travelled gently along, Dr. Greville took the liberty to expostulate a little with Wildgoose, about his present romantic and irregular undertaking; and his eloping from his Mother, without and even contrary to her approbation; who, he found from Miss Townsend, was greatly affected by his extravagant and enthusiastick proceedings.

Wildgoose replied, "he was sorry for that accidental consequence of his performing his duty; but," says he, "whosoever loves father, or mother, more than Christ, is not worthy of him. And, in short," adds Wildgoose, "a necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!"

Dr. Greville smiled at Wildgoose's application to himself of what was only applicable

to St. Paul and the primitive Apostles, who certainly had a *divine call*; and wondered “that a young man of so much good sense, “as he seemed to be in other particulars, “should be so strangely imposed upon by a “spirit of enthusiasm, that had possessed his “imagination.”—Wildgoose was going to defend the *call* of the *spirit*, “which, he was “convinced, he had received in as ample a “manner as any Apostle of them all.” But Dr. Greville was afraid of bringing on too violent an agitation of spirits, and of renewing the hæmorrhage, or bleeding of the artery; and therefore changed the discourse for some other topic, which lasted till they arrived at the parsonage-house.

C H A P. XVIII.

At Dr. Greville's.

MR. Townsend being not yet arrived, they found Mrs. Greville alone. She had been so much used to Dr. Greville's acts of humanity, that she was less surprized at seeing a person in Wildgoose's situation, than
at

at not seeing Miss Townsend in the chariot with them. But she was more surprized to find, that this was the very person who had written to Miss Townsend from Gloucester; and a little wondered at Dr. Greville's conduct, in bringing him into the house to Miss Townsend; with whom she was by no means pleased, for admitting a private correspondence with a mere stranger, and (as she found by Miss Townsend's own account he was) an enthusiastical Itinerant. She soon acquiesced, however, in Dr. Greville's private reasons; who thought he might, at the same time, perform an act of humanity, in getting Wildgoose cured; and, perhaps, a greater act of charity, in reclaiming him from his erroneous opinions; and also make proper observations upon his general character, or (if he found it worth while) make a more particular scrutiny into the circumstances of his family and fortune.

Dr. Greville would have persuaded Wildgoose immediately to lie down upon the bed; but, as he found himself very easy, and able to sit up till the evening, Mrs. Greville ordered some tea, and said, "the Maid should get a proper room in readiness for him, whenever he should be disposed to retire to rest."

Before Mrs. Greville had finished the ceremony of the tea-table, Mr. Townsend's servant came to the gate; and brought word, "that his Master was at the end of the village, "and would be there very soon; that he had "met with the old Wood-man as they came "along, who told 'Mr. Townsend, 'that he "had found some other curiosity, as he was "digging in the old camp on the brow of the "hill;' and that his Master waited whilst the "old man fetched it from his cottage."

Accordingly, in a few minutes more, Mr. Townsend arrived, and was met by Dr. Greville at the court-gate: but, not seeing Miss Townsend as he approached the hall-door, which stood open, he cried out, "Where is "Julia? what! she has not eloped again, I "hope. Ah!" continues he, shaking his head, "I every day hear fresh instances of her "imprudence. Captain Mahoney was at "Gloucester last week; where he was assured, "that the little slut had like to have gone off "from thence with a rascally Methodist "Preacher. Well, the Romans were a wise "people; and, in the best ages of the Republic, "they gave fathers a power of life and death.

" over

“over their children; which kept them under
“a proper subjection.”

Dr. Greville said, “Miss Julia was very
“well, but was not yet come from the course;
“where she was, in Mrs. Mowbray’s coach.
“I am sorry, however,” adds the Doctor,
“to find you give so much credit to Captain
“Mahoney’s intelligence; who, I believe,
“is no friend to any part of the family.”

Mr. Townsend was going to reply: but, coming now into the hall, and seeing Wildgoose, he stopped short; and paying his compliments to Mrs. Greville, “So, Cousin,” says he, “you have got a Patient to nurse, I
“see, according to custom. Pray, whom
“have you here?”—Dr. Greville answered,
“it was a young gentleman, who had met with
“an accident at the race; and whom he had
“brought thither in his chariot, till he could
“be conveyed to his friends, who lived at some
“distance.” He carefully concealed Wildgoose’s name, however, and the nature of his present adventure.

Mrs. Greville made some fresh tea for Mr. Townsend; and, as it was not thought proper to discuss family affairs before a stranger, as Wildgoose appeared to be, the conversation

became general for some little time. "Well, Cousin," says Dr. Greville, "you have been inquiring after Antiquities, according to custom, of our old Wood-man?"—"Yes," replies Mr. Townsend, "I thought, by his account, he had found a Roman Stylus (which they used to write with); but, I am afraid, it is nothing more than an old iron skewer."—Wildgoose then observed, "that Mr. Townsend had lost the principal day's *sport*, as it is generally called."—"Why, that is the very salvo which I should have made," replied Mr. Townsend; "for what is called *sport*, I assure you, is not so to me: and though I have been used, for some years, to make my Cousin Greville a visit at this season, my principal pleasure is in viewing the noble castle and other antiquities in the neighbourhood of Warwick; which, I am convinced, was the *præsidium*, or chief station, of the Romans in Britain, as being seated in the very centre of the island; and I value it more for having been the station of the *Dalmatian horse* (as Camden assures us), than for its paltry *horse-race* here once a year."

If

If Wildgoose had not recollected Mr. Townsend's person, his conversation would immediately have convinced him that he was the same Virtuoso whom he had met in Lord Bathurst's woods. And Mr. Townsend likewise, after a little time, said, "he had seen Wildgoose somewhere before: and, though I cannot recollect your name," says he, "I know your face as well as I do that of Marcus Aurelius, or Caracalla."—As Wildgoose did not care to discover too much, he only said, "as he had been rambling about pretty much of late, very probably Mr. Townsend might have seen him before, though, he fancied, he had never been acquainted with his name."

CHAP. XIX.

Mrs. Mahoney's Intelligence canvassed.

WHEN the servant had removed the tea-equipage, Dr. Greville thought it best not to defer the acquainting Mr. Townsend with Mrs. Mahoney's intelligence, as he did not know how far the affair between Captain

Mahoney and Miss Townsend, if there was really any truth in it, might have proceeded.

After a proper introduction, therefore, he shewed Mr. Townsend the letter that Mrs. Mahoney had received; which when he had read, and seen the name with which it was subscribed, and that Miss Julia Townsend was mentioned as the object of Captain Mahoney's affection; "Pshaw!" says Mr. Townsend; "this is all a contrivance of a rascally fellow, who was a servant to Captain Mahoney when he was quartered at Corke; and he having dismissed him, Captain Townsend hired him, and brought him into our neighbourhood; where he is married and settled, and, out of a pique, has been endeavouring to do Captain Mahoney some prejudice. Why, Captain Mahoney is *brother* to the Widow Townsend, and never was married in his life."—"Sir," says Wildgoose, "the Lady who calls herself Mrs. Mahoney assured me, he never had any *sister*; and that very circumstance looks very suspicious."—"Well, I don't know," says Mr. Townsend, "who this pretended Mrs. Mahoney may be; but I am pretty sure, that Mrs. Townsend would not connive at Captain Mahoney's
"making

“making overtures to my daughter without
 “my approbation, as she must know that her
 “place depends upon her fidelity to me.”

“Well,” says Dr. Greville, “I wish this
 “intelligence may be without any founda-
 “tion: but the Lady to whom this letter was
 “written seems very sincere in her apprehen-
 “sions, and gives a very plausible account of
 “herself; and so you will say when you see
 “her, which you may do to-morrow morning.”

CHAP. XX.

Mr. Wildgoose retires to Rest.

IT now began to grow dusk; and, as Wildgoose looked very pale and fatigued, Dr. Greville prevailed on him to go to rest; and himself very politely waited on him to his chamber; though he was extremely desirous of sitting up till Miss Townsend came home: for, though we have not yet taken notice of it, we may be sure, Mr. Wildgoose could not take Miss Townsend's place in the chariot (as he found by Dr. Greville he had done), nor be in the very house where she was expected every

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moment,

moment, without very sensible emotions of tenderness and expectation.

When Wildgoose was gone out of the room, Mr. Townsend immediately asked, "who he was?" observing, "that he seemed a very sober, sensible young man."—Mrs. Greville replied, "that he was a young Gentleman of pretty good fortune in Gloucestershire, and, she believed, an humble admirer of her Cousin Julia."—"Is he?" says Mr. Townsend, with some quickness: "then, for God's sake, let him have her; for I know not who else will, after her imprudent elopement: and, I believe, the poor girl wants an husband. I am sure, at least, I don't know what to do with her, for my part."—"Why," says Mrs. Greville, "these are partly my sentiments of the matter; and I fancy (between you and me) such a scheme would be no ways disagreeable to Miss Julia: and this was Dr. Greville's chief motive, I believe, for bringing the young man to our house."

When Wildgoose, attended by Dr. Greville and his servant with candles, came into his bed-chamber, he was making apologies for the trouble he gave; but the servant setting down one of the candles upon the toilette, Wildgoose

goose immediately espied a miniature picture of Miss Julia Townsend hanging under the glass; which fixed his attention so entirely, that Dr. Greville wished him a good night, smiling to himself at this further discovery which he had made of Wildgoose's attachment to his Cousin Julia.

When Dr. Greville returned to the parlour, he found Mr. Townsend and Mrs. Greville in close debate on the subject above-mentioned, and added his suffrage to the scheme proposed. But, while these good people were in the midst of their deliberations, Mrs. Mowbray's carriage came to the door, to set down Miss Townsend, "whom," Mrs. Mowbray said, "she had brought safe home; though she desired proper care might be taken of her, as she had been very languid and low-spirited the whole afternoon."

Dr. Greville made an apology for leaving his Cousin to Mrs. Mowbray's care, "as he was sensible she must have been rather a troublesome companion; but that he himself had been engaged in a charitable office, which required a more immediate attention."

Miss Townsend flew with a sincere transport into her father's arms; in whose breast, not-

252 THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

withstanding his slight resentment, Nature resumed her place; and he received his favourite daughter with great tenderness and affection.

END OF BOOK XI.

THE

T H E

SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

B O O K XII.

C H A P. I.

The Inn at Warwick.

TUgwell, with his son Joseph, went, as Mr. Wildgoose had ordered him, to the inn at Warwick : where he found Mrs. Mahoney and her companion ; who informed Tugwell, “ that “ Dr. Greville had taken Wildgoose to his own “ house.”

As Mrs. Mahoney desired to have Tugwell’s company in a little parlour which she had gotten, adjoining to the kitchen, Jerry desired to introduce his son also, with whose unexpected return he acquainted her.

When

When Joseph came into the room, he and Mrs. Mahoney's Maid expressed a mutual surprise at the sight of each other: for, though Mrs. Mahoney was too attentive to her own distress, the Maid immediately recollected that he had come over with them from Dublin to Park-gate in the same vessel.

When young Tugwell heard Mrs. Mahoney's name, he said, "he remembered a Captain Mahoney at Corke, when he was there two years ago; and that he was one of the gentlemen who had like to have married the woman that Captain Townsend married."

This account startled Mrs. Mahoney; as she knew her husband had been quartered there about that time: and though she could not guess what Joseph meant, by his being likely to marry Mrs. Townsend; yet she shook her head, suspecting, with too much reason, that it was some other instance of his infidelity.

Joseph, however, alluded to what he had told his Father, in the circumstantial account which he had given him of his five years adventures, as they returned together from the course. But, as a great part of them would be uninteresting to the Reader, we shall only mention, "that Joseph, upon listing for a soldier to avoid
"marrying

“ marrying a common strumpet (as was mentioned in the beginning of this history),
 “ was put on board the transports that accompanied the grand fleet upon the ever-memorable expedition against Carthagena.

“ All the world knows the disastrous event of that expedition. After sacrificing the lives of so many brave fellows in forcing the straits of Bocca-Chica castle; and when the Spaniards were ready to abandon Carthagena upon the first attack; by the unaccountable delays and strange conduct both of the Admiral and the Commander in chief of the Land-forces, the affair was protracted till the rainy season set in; when our troops became a prey to sickness; and it was thought advisable, after a general council of war, to re-imbark them aboard the transports: where, though there were several young Surgeons aboard the fleet, who longed to assist their perishing countrymen; yet, the General disdaining to ask, and the Admiral to offer any assistance, the poor people dropped off like rotten sheep.

“ Young Tugwell, however, by good luck, got leave to wait on Captain Townsend; who, being reduced by sickness to a declining

"I was 'prentice in London."—"Why, were you 'prenticed in London?" says Mr. Crisp. "Yes; that I was, and served seven years in White-chapel. And I have an Uncle, that is a topping Shoe-black near the Royal-Exchange. Ah! London's the place! and yet London is not half the place it was formerly —for *old shoes*."

"Well, Cobler," says Master Crisp, "I hope you are a better husband than you were."—"Yes, thank God; I hope I am. Indeed, if God Almighty gives one health and money, one ought to take a cheerful glass, now-and-then, with a friend or so— But hang it, what signifies money in the country? If I had a hundred pounds, I would not spend a farthing of it in the country. In London you have something for your money. There's liquor! There you may take a glass in a genteel *discreet* manner. There is not a Landlord in the country that knows common sense."—"Come, come," says the Landlord, a little offended at this freedom, "come, pay as you go, Cobler; you have had two pots, and have paid for none."

The

The dialogue being now at an end, Tugwell went out into the kitchen, to see who this fluent Orator might be ; and found (to his surprize) it was his old friend Andrew Tipple, who had worked for Jerry, in his prosperity, as a journeyman ; but was now become quite an itinerant Cbler and peripatetic Politician. Andrew was as much surprized at the sight of his old Master ; and cried out, “ Ha ! Master Tugwell ! “ why, we heard you were sent to gaol for “ horse-stealing. What have you done with “ young Mr. Wildgoose ? I was at your town “ but last week. Your wife Dorothy is very “ angry with you, for leaving her ; but says “ “ she should not have minded it, if you had “ not gone in your best waistcoat.’ And “ Madam Wildgoose threatens to disinherit “ Mr. Geoffry ; and has actually taken two “ of her grand-children to live with her, since “ the young Squire took to these vagabond “ courses.”

Jerry looked a little foolish at this account of the state of affairs at home ; but, clapping his hand upon his pocket, with a gallant shake of the head, said, “ they should make matters up “ again when they got home.”

Jerry

Jerry then called for a pot of ale, with which he and his old friend drank an health to their friends in Gloucestershire; and so they parted, Tugwell returning to his company.

CHAP. III.

At Dr. Greville's.

WHEN Mrs. Mowbray's coach came to the door with Miss Townsend (as was related), Mr. Wildgoose was just going to bed; but flew to the window, like an hawk at his quarry; where, by the light of the moon, he had a full view of Miss Townsend, as she ran up the court, dressed, on the occasion, much more splendidly than he had ever seen her at Gloucester. This slight glance threw poor Wildgoose into such a palpitation and hurry of spirits, that it was a considerable time before he could compose himself to sleep: and Miss Townsend was the prevailing idea in his dreams for the whole night.

It was now eleven o'clock, and Dr. Greville's family were all in bed, when they were awaked by an hasty rapping at the door; and were
I greatly

greatly alarmed, when the servant brought up word, “that a man was come out of —shire, “with a letter for Mr. Townsend.” This messenger proved to be the old Coachman, who was mentioned to have assisted Miss Townsend in her elopement to London; and who, partly to atone for his imprudent conduct in that affair, and partly out of regard to the family, had taken his horse, and rode thirty miles after five o’clock that evening, to bring a letter, which his wife had intercepted, addressed to Miss Lucia Townsend, from Captain Mahoney. This letter being carried up to Mr. Townsend, he opened it, and found the contents to be as follows :

“ To Miss TOWNSEND.

“ My dear Lucia,

“ Every moment is an age till my happiness
 “ is completed; and the deferring our depar-
 “ ture another day, is a contradiction to the
 “ impatience of a fond Lover. But I am dis-
 “ appointed of the phaeton which I had be-
 “ spoke; and was obliged to send to Oxford,
 “ whence I have ordered one of those post-
 “ chaises which are lately come into vogue,
 “ and

“ and which will convey us with more expedi-
 “ tion either to London or Bristol : though I
 “ now think the latter is more adviseable ; as
 “ we can be conveyed from thence to Corke in
 “ eight and forty hours.

“ You and Mrs. Townsend will be ready
 “ to-morrow evening, as soon as it grows dusk,
 “ with your baggage, behind the grove of firs :
 “ till which time, my dearest Lucia, I remain

“ Your impatient Lover,

“ PATRICK MAHONEY.

“ P. S. Write me a line by the bearer.”

Mr. Townsend was greatly provoked at this discovery : but, upon reflection, became sensible that he had no one but himself to blame, for the confusion which his imprudent connexion with the Widow Townsend had introduced into his family.

He at first thought of setting out again immediately : but, as the time fixed by Mahoney for executing his wicked scheme was not till the following evening, he thought he might take a few hours rest, and get out very early in the morning. He therefore sent for the old Coachman up to his bed-side, and inquired how he

came by that letter : in answer to which, he gave him the following account.

“ Ben, the Hostler at the George,” says he,
 “ where Captain Mahoney quarters, is third
 “ cousin to my wife ; and, having been sent by
 “ the Captain with this letter to Miss Town-
 “ send, Ben thought it proper to let my wife
 “ know what he had heard from the Hostler at
 “ the Black Bull ; who told Ben, ‘ that Captain
 “ Mahoney, having been disappointed of *their*
 “ phaeton, had sent him to Oxford for a post-
 “ chaise ; which was ordered to be at the
 “ Captain’s quarters the next day about ten
 “ o’clock, who was going a long journey.’ And
 “ as all the neighbourhood talk very freely
 “ about the Captain’s designs upon Miss Town-
 “ send, my wife was willing to forward this
 “ letter to your Honour at a venture ; and sent
 “ Ben back to the Captain, with an answer from
 “ Miss Townsend, by word of mouth, ‘ that it
 “ was very well.”

Mr. Townsend said, “ he was obliged to
 “ the Coachman for the trouble he had taken,
 “ bade him feed his horse, and then go to bed ;
 “ and that he himself would set out by four
 “ o’clock in the morning : which, as he found
 “ by the letter that the Captain had put off his
 “ scheme

“scheme till the next night, he hoped would
“be soon enough to prevent it.”

Dr. Greville had slipped on his night-gown, and was come into Mr. Townsend's room, to inquire into the cause of this alarm; which being informed of, though he secretly triumphed over Mr. Townsend's credulity, yet he begged him to lose no time in an affair of that consequence; and said, “that he himself would take
“the liberty to awake Mr. Townsend at three
“o'clock, by which time he would be a little
“refreshed after his day's journey: and that
“he would take care to convey Mrs. Mahoney
“by a man and double horse, if it should be
“thought necessary: though he did not imagine,” he said, “that the Captain would stay
“to dispute the matter with Mr. Townsend.”

CHAP. IV.

At Mr. Townsend's.

NOTwithstanding Dr. Greville's caution, and his eager desire to hasten Mr. Townsend's departure, it was near five o'clock before
he

he set out; and near eleven before he reached his own house in —shire; when he found it deserted both by his daughter and the Widow Townsend; which, we may imagine, shocked him to the utmost degree.

But, upon inquiry, he found the case not quite so bad as he at first expected: for the servants who were left at home informed him, “that Mrs. Townsend had sent a letter, by the “Stable-boy, early in the morning, to Captain “Mahoney; who came with a post-chaise “about half an hour before Mr. Townsend “came home, and had taken away Mrs. “Townsend, with all her luggage in two “large trunks: but that they were both in “great confusion, at not finding Miss Town- “send, who had been missing all the morning, “and of whom the servants could give no other “intelligence.”

Whilst Mr. Townsend was deliberating what method to pursue, the Coachman’s wife came very opportunely, and relieved him from his distress, by giving the following account of Miss Townsend.

“That she (the Coachman’s wife) being “apprehensive that Captain Mahoney might “suspect his plot was discovered (by his re-

"ceiving no answer to his letter), and therefore
 "might hasten the execution of it; she had
 "therefore consulted with Mr. Thompson
 "(the Squire's principal Tenant, and whom,
 "she knew, he greatly confided in upon all
 "occasions); and he had contrived to get Miss
 "Townsend to his house pretty early in the
 "morning, under a pretence that somebody
 "wanted to speak with her; and that Mrs.
 "Thompson had locked herself up with Miss
 "Townsend in their parlour till the Squire
 "himself should come home, as they supposed
 "he would do, in consequence of the letter
 "which the Coachman had conveyed to
 "him."

Mr. Townsend therefore went immediately
 to Farmer Thompson's; where he found Miss
 Townsend confined, as the Coachman's wife
 had informed them.

Mr. Townsend gave his daughter a proper
 lecture upon the occasion; and explained to
 her, with great tenderness, the escape she had
 had; and the discovery which he had made (of
 Captain Mahoney's being already married) by
 means of a young Gentleman, who was now at
 Dr. Greville's, and had providentially met
 Mrs. Mahoney upon her road from Ireland.

When

When they returned to the Manor-house, Mr. Townsend found that the Widow Townsend had carried off not only her own property, but likewise some of his; particularly a gold repeating watch of his late wife's, a valuable ring or two, a great many fine laces, and a brocaded suit of cloaths; in all, to the value of above two hundred pounds. But, as he had placed so unlimited a confidence in her, this was to be considered rather as a breach of trust, than a robbery; and, having now sufficient proof of her infidelity and wicked designs, he was really glad to get rid of her upon any terms.

As for the two fugitives, it may be proper to have done with them here; and to inform the Reader, that they made the best of their way to Bristol; where embarking for some remote part of Ireland, they lived together for some time upon the fruits of the Widow Townsend's plunder; till, satiated with each other's person, a mutual disgust ensued; and the Captain having shared the best part of the Widow's fortune, his fickle temper soon dissolved a connexion which was built upon so precarious a foundation.

CHAP. V.

At Doctor Greville's.

LET us now return to our wounded hero, Mr. Geoffry Wildgoose.

For fear of any accident in the night, Dr. Greville had ordered the Footman to lie in a closet joining to his room: who, coming down in the morning, told the Maid, "that the Gentleman had slept very soundly all night; but
 "that, ever since he had awaked, he had been
 "lamenting and bemoaning himself like a child.
 "I asked him," says the fellow, "whether he
 "was in pain; but he says, he is quite well
 "again; only, I fancy, he is troubled in mind.
 "I suppose," says the Footman, "he has lost
 "money by betting at the races; or perhaps
 "he has left a sweet-heart behind him some-
 "where or other."

Dr. Greville, being informed of what the Footman had said, went up to Wildgoose's bedside; and asked him, "how he found himself?" Wildgoose took the Doctor by the hand, and thanked him for the great care he had taken of him; and said, "he had had a fine night; and
 "found

“ found himself quite well. And, thank God,”
 says he, “ I find my head much clearer than
 “ it has been for some months. But, Sir, I
 “ must confess, many things appear to me in a
 “ very different light from what they have
 “ lately done. And I am particularly shocked
 “ at having left my disconsolate Mother so long
 “ in a state of anxiety and concern on my ac-
 “ count. For, oh ! Sir, I am now convinced,
 “ that no doctrine, no religious opinion, can be
 “ true, that contradicts the tenderest feelings of
 “ human nature, the affection and duty which
 “ we owe to our parents.”

Doctor Greville replied, “ that he was glad
 “ the mist was dispelled from his mind, and
 “ that he seemed to see things in their proper
 “ light; though perhaps,” says the Doctor,
 “ your last assertion ought to be admitted with
 “ some little restriction: as there may be some
 “ parents so unreasonably wicked, as to expect
 “ their children to prostitute their very consci-
 “ ences, as well as sacrifice their reason, to
 “ *their* absurd opinions or dishonest practices; in
 “ which case, children are evidently under a prior
 “ obligation to religion and virtue: though
 “ they should be very certain of the justice of
 “ their cause, before they venture to oppose so

“sacred an authority as that of parents over
 “their children. But I am afraid, Sir, in-
 “deed, that you left your unhappy mother,
 “merely from the blind impulse of an over-
 “heated imagination; to engage in an under-
 “taking directly opposite to the laws of the
 “land, without any pretence of a divine
 “commission. And therefore I cannot but con-
 “clude you were under a wrong influence.”

“I am afraid I was,” says Wildgoose; “but
 “yet, in times of general defection from the
 “principles of the Gospel, and the doctrines of
 “the Reformation; I cannot but think that
 “every one has a divine call to stem the torrent,
 “and endeavour to revive the practice of true
 “Christianity.”

“I own they have,” replied the Doctor,
 “by their example and their persuasion, within
 “the sphere of their own neighbourhood. But
 “then nothing, I think, is so evident, as that
 “we are commanded, ‘to submit to every or-
 “dinance of man, for the Lord’s sake; to
 “let every thing be done decently and in
 “order:’ and therefore no one has a right to
 “break through the regulations of society,
 “merely from the suggestions of his own fancy,
 “and

“ and unless he can give some visible proof of a
 “ supernatural commission. I am partly of E-
 “ rasmus’s opinion, in regard to Reformations.
 “—*Nolo seditiosam veritatem*, I would not have
 “ even truth propagated in a seditious manner.

“ As to a ‘ general defection from the truths
 “ of the Gospel ;’ we are very apt to judge of the
 “ state of Religion, as we are of the politeness,
 “ knowledge, or learning of the age, from what
 “ we feel in our own breasts. We fancy the world
 “ is more knowing, because we ourselves know
 “ more than we did in our infancy : and we
 “ think the world less religious, because we
 “ perhaps have thrown off the restraints of re-
 “ ligion, and are more wicked or debauched
 “ than we were in our youth or childhood.”

The most likely method of convincing any
 one, is to make our adversary some concessions.
 For a general opposition to his whole system,
 not only irritates his passion ; but, finding you
 mistaken in some particulars, as you probably
 are, he concludes, at random, that you are
 wrong in all.

“ I grant you,” continues Dr. Greville,
 “ that there may be some cause of complaint
 “ against the negligence of the Clergy ; and that
 “ if the people had plenty of wholesome food or
 “ sound doctrine, they would not be hankering

“ after the crude trash of *some* of your itinerant
 “ Preachers. But does this warrant every ig-
 “ norant Mechanic to take the staff out of the
 “ hands of the Clergy, and set up for Re-
 “ formers in Religion ?

“ There are corruptions, perhaps, or neglects
 “ at least, in every branch of the Civil admi-
 “ nistration : as no human institution can be
 “ perfectly administered. But suppose an honest
 “ Country Justice to be a little negligent in his
 “ duty, or not very accurately versed in the
 “ subtleties of the Law ; would this warrant any
 “ neighbouring Attorney (who spies out his
 “ error) to take upon him to administer justice
 “ in his room ? No ; an appeal is open to a
 “ superior court ; and his errors must be recti-
 “ fied in a legal manner : otherwise strange
 “ confusion would ensue.

“ The Parson of your parish, suppose, neglects
 “ his duty, or is immoral in his life and con-
 “ versation. Let application be made to the
 “ Bishop of the diocese : who, at his visitation,
 “ not only receives his Synodals, but sends out
 “ articles of inquiry, relative to the conduct of
 “ every individual Clergyman within his jurif-
 “ diction. ‘ Does your Minister lead an exem-
 “ plary, or, at least, a sober and regular life ?
 “ Does he do his duty decently and in order ?

“ Does

“ Does he catechize and instruct the children
 “ and other ignorant persons in the principles
 “ of religion, at several times of the year, as
 “ the canons direct ? If he does not, why is not
 “ he regularly presented by the officers of the
 “ parish, and complaint made to the Bishop ?
 “ who will not fail, first of all, to exhort him
 “ in private ; and, if he does not alter his con-
 “ duct, to censure him publicly at the next
 “ visitation ; and, if he continues obstinate, to
 “ suspend him entirely from the exercise of his
 “ function.

“ Nothing, I think, can well be contrived
 “ better, or more wise, than our Ecclesiastical
 “ polity is in itself, if properly put in execu-
 “ tion.

“ As to the particular doctrines which the
 “ Methodists pretend to have revived, and on
 “ which they lay so great a stress ; I do not
 “ imagine, the advantage which they seem to
 “ have *gained* over the regular Clergy arises
 “ from those Cobweb distinctions, which, I am
 “ convinced, not one in ten of their followers
 “ really comprehend : but from the seriousness
 “ of their lives, and the vehemence and earnest-
 “ ness of their harangues ; which may have a
 “ temporary effect upon their audience whilst
 “ the impression on their fancy lasts ; and have,

“ I believe, really awakened many indolent and
 “ careless Christians to a sober and devout
 “ life.

“ As to the doctrines themselves ; that of Jus-
 “ tification by Faith, for instance ; I know no
 “ Clergyman that expects to be saved by the
 “ merit of his own works. We do not preach
 “ up the *merit* of good works, but the *necessity*
 “ of them : and unless a good man and a good
 “ Christian are inconsistent characters, I do not
 “ see how good works, which is only another
 “ name for Virtue, can be dispensed with. In
 “ short, though the negligence of too many of
 “ the Clergy may have given these Reformers
 “ some little advantage over them ; yet the
 “ extravagant proceedings and monstrous tenets
 “ of many of their itinerant Preachers have
 “ given them ample revenge. One man de-
 “ claims against the lawfulness of some of the
 “ most necessary callings. Mr. H—ll, who
 “ married a near relation of Mr. Wesley’s, hav-
 “ ing used the poor Lady ill by an intrigue with
 “ another woman, defended the lawfulness of
 “ polygamy. One Roger Ball asserted, ‘ that
 “ the Elect had a right to all women.’ These
 “ are not the necessary consequences, I own, of
 “ any of their principles ; but they are the
 “ probable

“ probable effects of an unlimited toleration
 “ of unlicensed, or rather such licentious,
 “ Teachers.

“ I would by no means undervalue the great
 “ talents and the pious labours of Mr. Wesley
 “ and many of their Leaders. They are, I am
 “ convinced, men of sound learning and true
 “ devotion : and, whilst they live, to inspire and
 “ give vigour to their new establishment, some
 “ good may probably result from it. But when
 “ they come to be succeeded by men, who, in-
 “ stead of a zeal for Religion, will be led by
 “ interest to prefer the ease and advantage of a
 “ Teacher to the drudgery of a mechanic trade ;
 “ the same indifference and negligence will soon
 “ prevail amongst them, which they have com-
 “ plained of in the established Clergy, and
 “ their classes will probably be as much ne-
 “ glected, as some of our parishes now are : so
 “ that, after prejudicing the people against their
 “ proper Pastors, they will leave them a prey to
 “ the ignorance, and perhaps much greater im-
 “ morality, of illiterate Plebeians ; and so will
 “ have made another schism in our Church to
 “ very little purpose.”

“ Well,” says Mr. Wildgoose, “ but suppose
 “ Mr. Wesley and his friends really convinced

“ of the great decay of Christian Piety ; and
 “ that they were obliged in conscience to use
 “ their utmost endeavours to revive the practice
 “ of it ; what course were they to take ? ”

“ Why,” replies Dr. Greville, “ I should
 “ think, if their little Society, when it was first
 “ formed in the University, (before they had
 “ made themselves obnoxious to the Clergy by
 “ their irregular proceedings) had quietly dis-
 “ persed themselves, and settled upon Curacies
 “ in different parts of England ; and had there
 “ formed little associations amongst the neigh-
 “ bouring Clergy ; the influence of their exam-
 “ ple would gradually have spread itself, and
 “ produced more real and more permanent
 “ effects than it is now likely to do ; without
 “ any bad effects, which, I am afraid, must pro-
 “ ceed (as I have observed) from such licentious
 “ proceedings.”

Dr. Greville was going on, to convince Mr.
 Wildgoose of the mistake he himself had la-
 boured under, in regard to his late conduct ;
 and Wildgoose seemed to listen with great
 attention, and shewed signs of confusion in his
 countenance ; when the Servant brought word,
 “ that Mr. Slash the Surgeon was come ; ”
 whom

whom Mrs. Greville attended up to Wildgoose's room.

The Surgeon, first of all, with the air of a Radcliffe or a Freind, felt his pulse; which he pronounced to be in an healthy state. Then, taking off the bandage, he found, that, although Mr. Wildgoose had been stunned by the blow, and lost a great deal of blood, yet the wound in itself was very trifling; and, knowing that Mrs. Greville was herself a skilful practitioner in Surgery, he shewed her the wound; who was surprized to see how slight it was. Slash therefore paid her the further compliment of leaving a few dressings, which, he said, with truth enough, "she could apply as well as he could;" adding, "that, if the Patient did not heat or "fatigue himself, he might travel whenever he "pleased." And Wildgoose, intending, at furthest, to set out the next morning, took his leave of the Surgeon, by slipping half a guinea into his hands, with which Mr. Slash (having no great expectation from a Knight-errant) was very well contented; and Wildgoose himself was obliged to limit his generosity, having but a few shillings left, to defray the expences of his journey,

CHAP. VI.

An Interview.

MR. Wildgoose being now left alone, that he might equip himself for breakfast; and finding his mind much more easy since his conference with Dr. Greville, and the thoughts of seeing Miss Townsend giving him fresh spirits; he adjusted his cravat, rubbed up his hair with some pomatum, and, in short, made his whole person as spruce as his present circumstances would permit: and, his bandage being now reduced to a decent patch of black silk, Wildgoose made no despicable appearance.

When he came into the breakfast-room, he was greatly smitten with the sight of Miss Townsend; who was so much more elegantly dressed than in her state of humiliation at Gloucester. Dr. Greville introduced them to each other; observing, with a good-natured smile, "that they two were old acquaintance." This speech raised a blush in Miss Townsend's countenance, which still heightened her charms; and, what is not common, her real appearance surpassed

passed even the bright idea, which, for a month past, had glowed in the imagination of poor Wildgoose, her absent lover.

“ Well,” continued Dr. Greville, “ you have
 “ both been a sort of fugitives, and have given
 “ your friends some uneasiness; but, as the
 “ cause of Miss Julia’s ill usage at home will,
 “ I hope, soon be removed; so, I flatter myself,
 “ Sir, your motive for rambling abroad will
 “ also cease. Not that I wish to see you less
 “ serious in the practice of Religion; nor even
 “ less an Enthusiast, in some sense; as, I am
 “ convinced, nothing great can be effected with-
 “ out some degree of Enthusiasm: but I would
 “ not have your zeal transport you so far, as to
 “ hurry you into any irregularities, which only
 “ expose you to danger and ridicule, and can
 “ never answer any really useful purpose.”

Miss Townsend, though herself in some little confusion, began to railly Mr. Wildgoose upon the accident he had met with; and hoped “ it
 “ would cure him, for the future, of such romantic
 “ undertakings.”—Wildgoose replied, “ that he
 “ should not be deterred from doing what he
 “ thought his duty, from any danger which
 “ might accrue to his person: but that Dr.
 “ Greville had almost convinced him, that such
 “ irregular

“irregular proceedings were inexpedient, if not
“unwarrantable.”

Wildgoose then asked Miss Townsend,
“whether she had heard from their friend
“Mrs. Sarfenet at Gloucester lately ;” which
gave Mrs. Greville an opportunity of observing,
“that Mrs. Sarfenet was a very worthy, *good*
“*creature* ; and, she believed, had judged very
“rightly of the Widow Townsend’s character :
“but yet had been the accidental cause of poor
“Miss Julia’s ill usage at home, and of her
“consequent elopement ; though,” she added,
“no usage which a child could be supposed to
“receive from a parent would justify such a
“violation of the duty which every child owes
“to its parent, or such a defiance of the au-
“thority which Nature has given a parent over
“his offspring.”

CHAP. VII.

Mrs. Mahoney’s Story finished.

DR. Greville, by way of changing the sub-
ject (which could not be very agreeable
to the young people), said, “He would take his
“horse,

"horse, as soon as they had breakfasted, and
 "ride to Warwick; that he might acquaint
 "Mrs. Mahoney of the further discovery which
 "they had made of Captain Mahoney's in-
 "trigue, and consult with her about her fu-
 "ture proceedings." But, whilst they were
 talking about it, Tugwell and his son Joseph
 arrived from Warwick, in order to inquire
 how Mr. Geoffry did; and to propose their
 going home, and acquainting Madam Wildgoose
 of the accident. But to this Wildgoose would
 by no means consent, as, he said, "it would be
 "too great a shock to his Mother, and he him-
 "self was well enough to set out with them
 "that afternoon." Dr. Greville however said,
 "that would be very wrong; and that he would
 "run a great hazard of inflaming his wound,
 "and perhaps of renewing the hæmorrhage. But,"
 says he, "if you are determined to travel so
 "soon, I will to-morrow morning give you a
 "lift in my carriage, as far at least as the turn-
 "pike road extends; which, I imagine, is
 "within a mile or two of your village.

"And as for these honest men, they shall
 "stay and dine here; and, then, if they chuse
 "it, they may go part of the way to-night,
 "and

“and halt for us to-morrow morning at Stratford, if they can find their way thither.”

“Oh!” says Jerry, “I know Stratford upon Avon well enough: it’s the place where Shakespeare, the *great Jester* *, was born.—Grandfather’s father lived a servant with the Jester himself; and there is a mulberry-tree growing there now, which he helped Mr. William Shakespeare to plant, when he was a boy.”

“Well, Master Tugwell,” says Dr. Greville, “you may go and visit the mulberry-tree which your great grandfather helped to plant; and meet us to-morrow morning about eleven o’clock at the White-Lion; and then we will proceed together.”

Mr. Wildgoose then inquired after Mrs. Mahoney; when Jerry cried out, “Odsbobs! I forgot to tell you, that the Gentlewoman is very bad, and has not been able to get out of bed to-day. And her Maid says, ‘She does not know how she will be able to travel any further.’”

* All the idea which the country people have, of that great Genius, is, that he excelled in smart repartees, and *selling of bargains*, as they call it.

This

This account moved Mrs. Greville's compassion, as her curiosity had been raised before; and she immediately ordered her chariot, and went alone to Warwick, that, if it should be necessary, she might bring Mrs. Mahoney with her to Dr. Greville's.

When she came to Warwick, however, she found Mrs. Mahoney just come down stairs. And upon Mrs. Greville's inquiring after her health, she answered, "that her complaint was nothing more than excessive fatigue: that she had been so intent upon the object of her journey, as not to perceive herself in the least wearied for three or four days: but that, since she had lain still, her spirits began to flag, and she found herself unable to travel any further."

After informing Mrs. Mahoney of the fresh discovery which had been made of Capt. Mahony's designs upon Miss Townsend, and of the means which Mr. Townsend had used to prevent its taking effect; Mrs. Greville added, "that she had come alone in the chariot, with an intent to take Mrs. Mahoney with her, if she approved of it."—Mrs. Mahoney, after recovering her spirits from the hurry into which this intelligence had thrown her, thanked Mrs. Greville.

Greville for her kind invitation; but said,
 “ she had a near relation in London, an elderly
 “ Lady of good fortune, who had often impor-
 “ tuned her, by letter, to make her a visit: and,
 “ as she might be a friend to her children, she
 “ had made that a secondary object in taking
 “ this journey. She intended, therefore, to get
 “ a place in some stage-coach the next day,
 “ and go to London; as it seemed to no pur-
 “ pose, at present, to pursue her graceless hus-
 “ band any further.”

And here the Reader may like to be inform-
 ed, that this relation (who was the widow of
 a rich Merchant) died soon after Mrs. Maho-
 ney's return to Ireland; and was so well pleased
 with her visit, that she left her an handsome
 competence, vested in Trustees hands, indepen-
 dent of her husband: that, after Captain Ma-
 honey was tired of the Widow Townsend, and
 had contributed to the squandering away her
 ill-got wealth, Mrs. Mahoney admitted him to
 share her little fortune with herself and chil-
 dren; and his dependence on her for a sub-
 sistence secured his respect and fidelity, and by
 degrees reconciled him to a life of domestic
 happiness and sobriety. So various are the me-
 thods

thods of Providence, to reward the virtuous, and, if possible, to reclaim the vicious from their wicked pursuits!

CHAP. VIII.

At Dr. Greville's.

WHILE Mrs. Greville was gone to Warwick, Dr. Greville, according to custom, walked out to visit some of the poor and ignorant part of his parish; so that Mr. Wildgoose was left alone for some time with Miss Townsend, which opportunity he did not throw away upon theological speculations; but employed it upon a practical subject, more to his present purpose.

He introduced a sort of amorous conversation, by producing the cambric handkerchief which Miss Townsend had dropped from the chariot-window, when Wildgoose had that transient view of her near Birmingham. Miss Townsend immediately knew the mark; but said, “she
“ had no idea that it had fallen into his hands :
“ for though, from the slight glance she had of
“ him in a cloud of dust, she at first imagined
“ the

“ the person whom they passed was Mr. Wildgoose; yet, as she heard no more of him, she had taken it for granted that she was mistaken.”

Wildgoose replied, “ it was merely out of respect, that he had not gone to Birmingham to inquire after her ;” and he declared, “ he never underwent a greater mortification. “ But” (says he, putting the handkerchief to his breast) “ I have preserved this pledge with as much devotion, as the most zealous Papist does his imaginary relicks of saints and holy virgins.”

Miss Townsend endeavoured to evade an application of this intended compliment, by her sprightly raillery ; and said, “ she hoped Mr. Wildgoose was now almost tired with rambling about in so strange a manner, and would settle at home with his disconsolate Mother.”

Wildgoose, still pursuing his point, said, “ he should return to his Mother, in compliance with Miss Townsend’s advice ; and should probably quit his present rambling way of life, in condescension to Dr. Greville’s opinion : “ but,” says he, “ it will be impossible for me to settle at a distance from the object of that
“ enthusiasm

“enthusiasm of another kind, which you have raised in my breast.”

Though the meaning of this declaration was too obvious to be misapprehended, and though Miss Townsend was by no means insensible to Mr. Wildgoose’s tender expostulations, yet she affected to treat them in a ludicrous style; and, when Wildgoose came still closer to the point, she answered with a very serious air, “that, notwithstanding she had been guilty of one imprudent and undutiful act, in eloping from her father (on account of what she thought severe treatment); yet she could not listen to a conversation of that kind, without his knowledge and approbation.”

This little repulse cast a sudden damp upon Mr. Wildgoose’s spirits. But as Miss Townsend’s declaration, “that she would not listen to his overtures *without* her father’s approbation,” might be interpreted to imply the contrary if his approbation were obtained; he was not entirely destitute of some pleasing hopes. But their farther conversation was soon interrupted, by Mrs. Greville’s return from Warwick, and the Doctor’s from his morning walk.

C H A P. IX.

An Invitation to Mr. Townsend's.

AFTER dinner, Tugwell and his son Joseph, as had been agreed, set out towards Stratford; but with a strict intention to wait at the White Lyon, till Mr. Wildgoose should come thither, which Dr. Greville promised he should, the next morning.

Wildgoose spent the afternoon very agreeably with Miss Townsend and her two worthy relations. And, as he now talked very rationally upon Religion, as well as upon common subjects, Dr. Greville and his Lady were highly entertained with his company.

About ten o'clock in the evening, when they were just retiring to rest, they were again surprized with the arrival of a servant from Mr. Townsend; who brought them the agreeable intelligence of the Widow Townsend's having withdrawn herself with Captain Mahoney; and also a letter from Mr. Townsend, earnestly requesting Dr. Greville and his Lady to conduct Miss Julia Townsend home again, and to spend a week or a fortnight with Mr. Townsend, to
assist

assist him in re-establishing the oeconomy of his household. Which invitation, for the sake of performing the friendly office annexed to it, they were very ready to comply with.

CHAP. X.

At Stratford upon Avon.

MR. Wildgoose, having made a comfortable breakfast, and drunk some excellent tea from the fair hands of Miss Julia Townsend (which quite reconciled him to domestic and social life), took his leave of Mrs. Greville and Miss Townsend; not without a sigh and a languishing glance directed to the latter. Dr. Greville and he then set out in the carriage for Stratford; where they arrived about twelve o'clock, and found Tugwell and his son waiting for them; whom they again dispatched, to pursue their journey.

Whilst the Coachman stopped to water his horses, my Landlord, out of civility, came to pay his compliments to Dr. Greville, who knew the man to have been a son of the learned

Dr. Welchman *, well known for his Illustration of the Thirty-nine Articles : which piece of history, as he had not much (literary) merit of his own to boast of, mine Host never failed to acquaint his customers with. " Gentlemen," he would say, " you have doubtless heard of " my Father : he *made* the Thirty-nine Articles."

While they were talking to my Landlord, the church-bells struck up, and rang with great cheerfulness : upon which, as the canonical hour was just expired, Dr. Greville supposed, " they " had had a wedding."—" No," says my Landlord : " but we are going to have a funeral ; " and the bells ring upon that occasion."

" How so ?" says Dr. Greville.—" Why, " have not you heard of old Mr. Shatterbrain's " whimsical will ? He was born in this town, " and kept a tavern in London : and got ten " thousand pounds in the lottery ; and has left " it all to his nephew, who was a tradesman " in this town. But I will fetch you the news- " paper, and you may see all about it." He

* Mr. Welchman probably soon quitted this station : as the White-Lyon has been kept for some years by Mr. Peyton ; who, by a secret peculiar to publicans, of making general favours appear particular ones, has brought the house into great vogue.

then

then brought the Gloucester Journal to Dr. Greville, in which was this clause from Mr. Shatterbrain's will :

“ *Provided* also, That my said Nephew, on
 “ the day of my funeral, do distribute six
 “ pounds, six shillings, to six young women
 “ tolerably skilled in dancing; who, being
 “ dressed in white callico, with black ribbands,
 “ shall join with six young men, to be procured
 “ by the Undertaker (or the Undertaker him-
 “ self to make one, if agreeable) ; who, being
 “ dressed in mourning cloaks, with black crape
 “ hat-bands, shall, in a grave and solemn man-
 “ ner, dance, to a good tabor and pipe, the
 “ ancient dance called ‘ The Black Joke,’ in
 “ the church-yard (if approved of by the
 “ Minister) ; if not, as near to the place of my
 “ burial as conveniently may be ; the church-
 “ bells ringing from twelve o’clock at noon to
 “ six o’clock in the evening.

“ *Provided* also, That my said Nephew do
 “ cause to be inscribed on my tomb, the fol-
 “ lowing moral distich ;

“ Since *dust* we are all, let us moisten our clay ;
 “ Let us drink, let us dance, and *dust* it away.”

Dr. Greville observed, "that Mr. Shatter-
 " brain seemed to be actuated more by the love
 " of fame, than by the love of mankind, when
 " he made that will; and that he seemed more
 " ambitious of being celebrated in a news-paper,
 " than of being blessed by the poor, after his
 " death: that six guineas, properly distributed,
 " would make six poor families happy for a
 " month, instead of making the testator ridicu-
 " lous for ever. Indeed," added the Doctor,
 " I have observed several of these ridiculous
 " bequests of late years: but, if I were Lord
 " Chancellor, I should make no scruple, upon
 " the slightest application, of setting aside such
 " absurd clauses; and applying the donations
 " more advantageously, either to the publick,
 " or to the distant relations of the testator."

CHAP. XI.

More Lumber yet; a Wife and two Children.

THE chariot was now going from the inn,
 when a two-wheel chaise drove into the
 yard, with a Gentleman, a Lady, and two chil-
 dren in it, attended by a servant on horseback.
 The Gentleman leaped down, and began to lift
 out

out a little boy and girl, when Wildgoose was agreeably surprized at discovering his friend Rivers and his Lady, whose long story (if he did not fall asleep in the middle of it) the Reader must recollect; and who, in consequence of Wildgoose's letter, was going to pay his respects to his kinsman, Mr. Gregory Griskin, the little Staffordshire Divine, from whom he had considerable expectations.

Mr. Wildgoose begged leave to detain Dr. Greville a few minutes, whilst he just paid his compliments to his old friends.

After explaining his present situation, Wildgoose began making a sort of apology for his travelling in so different a manner from what he had done when they met last.—“Come, come,” says Rivers; “this is only a sneer upon my ecclesiastical equipage of a one-horse chaise. “What sport would our old Oxford acquaintance make, at a man packed up in this leather convenience, with a wife and two children!”

“Why, yes,” says Wildgoose; “we laugh at these domestic concerns, in the University: but, when married and settled in the country, our elegant ideas give way to ease and convenience: and many a delicate man, I be-

“ lieve, has condescended to warm a clout, and
 “ many a learned one to rock the cradle.”

Mr. Rivers then thanked Wildgoose for the service he had done him with his kinsman, Mr. Griskin; and said, “ he had had a letter by
 “ the same post from Mr. Griskin himself; expressing great satisfaction in the account Mr.
 “ Wildgoose had given him of Mrs. Rivers’s character and conduct; and inviting him to
 “ bring her and her children into Staffordshire,
 “ as soon as he conveniently could.”

Wildgoose then told Rivers, “ that, from
 “ hints which Mr. Griskin had dropped, he
 “ fancied his design was, to get Rivers into
 “ orders, that he might assist him in the care
 “ of his parish; and he made no doubt but
 “ that Mrs. Rivers’s agreeable behaviour would
 “ soon restore Rivers to the same place which
 “ he formerly possessed in his cousin Gregory’s
 “ esteem.”

Wildgoose, having now paid his compliments to Mrs. Rivers, and wished them a good journey, was unwilling to detain Dr. Greville any longer: so, after desiring Rivers to write him word of the success of his visit, they parted; and he and Dr. Greville resumed their journey.

C H A P. XII.

A Plan for Reformation.

AFTER travelling about a mile beyond Stratford, they met a young man, in a shabby sort of livery, who appeared very sickly, and applied to them for alms. The Coachman, by way of favouring the suit of a brother servant in distress, stopped his horses, whistling to them, as if to give them an opportunity of staling. Dr. Greville asked, "how so young a man came to beg upon the road?" The man said "he had been dismissed his service, on account of a long sickness; and was travelling into Shropshire, to try his native air. That he had lived with Lord ——— in London; who was a very good Master, kept a good house, and gave his servants good wages; but (in case of sickness) always dismissed them."

Dr. Greville gave the man six-pence; observing to Wildgoose, "that, although he did not like to encourage common-beggars, he generally gave them some little matter to relieve their present distress: but not without a

“sharp reproof to those who appeared to be
“habituated to that idle practice.”

This incident again introduced the subject of a reformation. And Dr. Greville observed,
“that neither the preaching of the Clergy, nor
“even the many penal laws, which were daily
“multiplied, would avail any thing towards the
“end proposed, unless some alteration could be
“produced in the manners of the people, by
“the influence of their superiors: the luxury
“and extravagance of the great and people in
“high life descends, as a fashion, amongst the
“crowd, and has infected every rank of peo-
“ple. If,” says he, “an association were form-
“ed amongst some of our principal and most
“popular Nobility, to set an example of fru-
“gality and temperance, by reducing the num-
“ber of their servants, and the number of
“dishes at their tables; and if the Prince on
“the throne would condescend to enforce the
“example, by regulating the splendor of the
“dress and equipages of those who appeared at
“Court; it would soon be established as a
“fashion: and that crowd of useless servants,
“who are now supported in idleness and luxu-
“ry, and who, when dismissed from service,
“or married and settled in the world, propagate
“the

“ the vices and follies, which they have learned:
 “ of their Masters, amongst the middling rank
 “ of people; these dissolute idle rascals, I say,
 “ would be left in the country, where they are
 “ wanted, to till the land; or to supply out
 “ handicraft trades or manufactures with useful
 “ and industrious hands. And we might then
 “ hope to see virtue and frugality restored,
 “ amongst us.”

CHAP. XIII.

The same Subject continued.

“ **A**S to the Clergy,” continued Dr. Gre-
 “ ville, all I shall add upon that subject
 “ is, that I could wish they would, in general,
 “ be a little more cautious and reserved in their
 “ conduct.

“ I do not expect them to renounce the world,
 “ or to shut themselves up entirely in their clo-
 “ sets or studies. Neither would I absolutely
 “ forbid them, in great towns, going to a Coffee-
 “ house or a Tavern, upon necessary occasions.
 “ But I would not have them make those places

" their constant rendezvous. I do not think
 " there is any indecency in their playing at cards,
 " or joining in other chearful transactions in
 " private company: but am sorry to see them
 " dancing or gaming at Bath or Tunbridge;
 " and (as a Cambridge friend of mine expresses
 " it) '*shining* in every *public* place—except the
 " Pulpit.'

" As to their Preaching," added the Doctor,
 " I could wish they would make their discourses
 " more systematical, and connected one with
 " another. I know, by experience, that a man
 " may preach for seven years together in the
 " common way, in unconnected sermons, and
 " our people be never the wiser. But a sett of
 " plain regular discourses, upon the principles
 " of Natural and Revealed Religion; the Being,
 " Attributes, and Moral Government of God;
 " and the peculiar doctrines and duties of the
 " Gospel: such a system, I say, repeated once
 " or twice a year, would teach the people their
 " duty, and make them more willing to attend
 " the Church; and even pay their tithes more
 " chearfully, when they were sensible they had
 " some equivalent for their money."

" Well, Sir," says Wildgoose, " and I will
 " venture to add, from my own experience,
 " that

“that I wish the Clergy would be a little more
 “earnest in their delivery, and inforce their
 “precepts with some little vehemence of tone
 “and action; as I am convinced what an effect
 “it would have upon the most rational Chri-
 “stians.

“I am sensible indeed, from what I felt
 “when I first heard Mr. Whitfield, that too
 “violent gesticulations are not agreeable to the
 “modesty and reserve of an English audience;
 “and there is certainly a difference between the
 “action of the Pulpit and of the Stage. But,
 “when a Preacher reads his sermon with as
 “much coldness and indifference as he would
 “read a news-paper, or an act of parliament;
 “he must not be surprized, if his audience dis-
 “cover the same indifference, or even take a
 “nap, especially if the service be after din-
 “ner.”

“Why, there is no doubt,” replies Dr. Gre-
 ville, “but an empassioned tone of voice, a
 “suitable gesture, and a pathetic style, have
 “more effect upon the middling and lower
 “ranks of mankind, for whose use sermons are
 “chiefly intended, than the most rational dis-
 “course, delivered in a dry uninteresting man-
 “ner. And this certainly is one great advan-
 “tage.”

“ tage which the Methodists and other fanatical Preachers have over the regular Clergy, in rousing so many indolent drowsy Christians to a sense of Religion.

“ There is a remarkable instance of the persuasive power of this enthusiastic Eloquence in a Capuchin Fryar, one * Philip de Narni, a popular Preacher at Rome, near the middle of the last century: from whose sermons the people never departed without tears, many of them crying out for mercy in the streets. And, what is more extraordinary, we are told, that, preaching before Pope Gregory the Fifteenth, upon the subject of Non-residence, he struck such a terror into his audience, by the vehemence of his oratory, that no less than thirty Bishops set out, post, for their Diöceses the very next day. And yet, it is added in the life of that Fryar, that when his sermons came to be printed, there was nothing very striking in them. We are told also, that the good man was so far disgusted with observing the great numbers who came to hear him out of mere curiosity, without reforming their lives, that he retired to his

* So Rapin and Balzac call him; but his true name was, Jérôme de Matini, of Narni,

“ cell,

“cell, and spent the rest of his days in writing the history of his Order.”

“Why, to be sure,” says Wildgoose, “that will always be the case with too great a number of people; from the necessary imperfection of human nature. But we should use the most probable means of doing all the good in our power, and leave the event to Providence.”

CHAP. XIV.

Mr. Wildgoose's Reception at Home.

IN this kind of discourse were Dr. Greville and Mr. Wildgoose engaged, when they came to the point where the road turned off towards the village to which Wildgoose was bound. Here Tugwell and his son Joseph had again made a halt; and, while they were waiting for Mr. Geoffry under some shady trees by a brook-side, regaled themselves with a slice of cold roast beef, which Dr. Greville's Servant had stowed in the wallet.

Mr. Wildgoose was now at a loss how to act; as he could not press Dr. Greville to convey him any farther, through a long and dirty lane, to his native place; nor yet dismiss him without

an

an invitation to rest his horses, and to take a dinner, or at least some refreshment, at his mother's house.

But from this perplexity Dr. Greville himself delivered Mr. Wildgoose. As the long summer had made the road better than usual, and very passable for a carriage, the Doctor insisted upon carrying Mr. Wildgoose quite home.

Indeed one principal end in his taking this journey was, to make some inquiries into the circumstances of Mr. Wildgoose's fortune; and, if he should find it agreeable to his expectations, to make some overtures to Mrs. Wildgoose, for a match between her son and Miss Julia Townsend.

The carriage now proceeded, with Tugwell and his son in the rear: and, after many jolts and jumbles, in half an hour's time, brought them in sight of their village spire, which rose amidst a grove of pines, at the foot of the Cotswold hills: the sight of which, after near two months absence, rejoiced the very cockles of Jerry's heart; though not without a mixture of solicitude, about the reception he might meet with from the offended Dorothy, whose indignation his friend Andrew Tipple had announced.

As

As for Mr. Geoffry, he was impatient to restore his Mother's peace of mind; whose maternal fondness for him he was too well acquainted with to fear any thing from her resentment, when once he should have returned to his duty.

It being now the midst of a very sultry day, and most of the village people out in the fields, they arrived at Mrs. Wildgoose's gates without much speculation. Mrs. Wildgoose's old Hind, Stephen, was just gone into the yard with a load of wheat; and a little boy and girl, whom Mr. Geoffry was surprized to see there, ran in, crying out, "A coach! a coach!"

These little folks were no other than Mrs. Wildgoose's grand-children by her daughter, whom we mentioned, in the beginning of this narrative, to have married contrary to her parents approbation; and of whose children, therefore, very little notice had been taken, till since Mr. Geoffry Wildgoose's elopement.

Though Mrs. Wildgoose never dressed fine, yet, as she was always neat and clean, she was consequently always sufficiently prepared (for a woman of her time of life) to see company. By the time therefore the chariot came to the door, she was come out to receive them. Having not, for some years, seen her son in his own hair, she

she did not immediately know him; especially as the black patch on his temples added to the paleness of his complexion, which his loss of blood had occasioned. But, when he stepped out of the chariot, and (agreeably to a custom now obsolete) bent one knee to receive her blessing; Mrs. Wildgoose's surprize was so great, that she almost sunk to the ground. Wildgoose supported her in his arms; till Dr. Greville also coming out of the chariot, they attended her into the hall; by which time she had recovered her spirits; and Wildgoose began to introduce the Doctor, and to inform his mother of the great obligations which he had to him.

Mrs. Wildgoose made proper acknowledgements to the Doctor; and then, looking on her son, "Oh! Geoffry!" says she, "how could you desert me in such a manner; without once acquainting me with your intention, or where I might make any inquiries after you? Your unkindness might have been fatal to me; and if I had died under the first sense of your undutiful behaviour, it would have been a great misfortune to you. I find you have taken a pique against poor Mr. Powell; but, I assure you, it was entirely owing to his honesty and
"dis-

“discretion, that I did not pursue the dictates
“of my resentment, and make a will greatly to
“your prejudice.”

Dr. Greville made answer for Mr. Geoffrey ;
“that he believed he had been for some time
“under the influence of a deluded imagination :
“but that the mists, which clouded his reason,
“seemed now to be dispelled; and he saw things
“in a more proper light : and that he could
“venture to answer for him, that he would
“never be guilty of the like act of unkindness
“for the future.”

Mrs. Wildgoose's flutter of spirits being now
a little composed, she began to reflect, that it
was high time to order the cloth to be laid, and
to consider in what manner she should entertain
Dr. Greville : which, however, as a plentiful
dinner was provided for her harvest-people, gave
a woman of Mrs. Wildgoose's good sense but
little trouble.

CHAP. XV.

Jerry Tugwell's Reception at Home.

THOUGH I have lived to speculate near half a century on the humours of mankind, I hardly remember a more remarkable instance of self-partiality, than the desiring to *perpetuate*—or of deference to fortune, than the submitting to *unite*—the poor, pitiful, and almost obscene monosyllable of *Dunk*, with the noble high-sounding polysyllable of *M—ntague*, Earl of *H—lif—x*: yet I had a personal regard for the worthy Mr. Dunk himself, and a great respect for the noble Earl; and only make this remark, to shew the fascinating, or rather the omnipotent, power of accumulated riches—though not much to my present purpose; which was, to describe the interview between Jerry Tugwell and his wife Dorothy.

Dame Tugwell was infinitely exasperated against poor Jerry, for presuming to elope from home, in downright defiance of her sovereign authority; and had meditated with herself, as she sat at her spinning-wheel, every variation of phrase, expressive

expressive of the most furious resentment, to attack the hapless culprit with, whenever he should make his appearance.

But, as Jerry knew Dorothy's blind side, and the only part where (on these occasions) she was vulnerable; instead of any supplicating apology, or endearing caresses, after so long an absence, Jerry approached her with a free and joyous air (as she sat at her wheel), but extending his right hand, filled with silver, two or three half-guineas being interpersed amongst it; the sight of which precious metals immediately softened Dorothy's features, from the truculent fierceness of the Fury Tisiphone, to the simpering smiles of a Galatea, an Hebe, or an Euphrosyne.

Some deep Politician might here suggest, that Jerry's wisest and most certain way to make peace would have been, to send their long-lost son Joseph into the house before him. I think otherwise; for, after the first transports of that happy meeting were over, Jerry's offence would still have remained in full force, the subject of a severe reprehension: but, by convincing Dame Dorothy at once, by so evident a proof, that he had not neglected the main chance, and that she would be no loser by his long absence,

the

the way was smoothed for a thorough reconciliation; and nothing now remained, but to indulge their mutual congratulations on account of their son's happy return.

As for Dame Tugwell's surprize and joy on the sight of her son Joseph, I shall not pretend to describe it. Instead of any concern about Jerry's travels, she would have asked as many questions about Joseph's adventures as his father had done at their first unexpected meeting at Warwick races. But her affection was more active than her curiosity; and she immediately began puffing up the fire, and was going to set on her best scowred pot, and to cut an untouched slice of her best bacon, to entertain her guests; when a boy from Mr. Wildgoose's came, to invite Jerry, his son Joseph, and even Dame Dorothy, to eat some beef and pudding with her harvest people in the kitchen. Which invitation, in the present gaiety of her heart, Dorothy was no more inclined to refuse, than Jerry himself was.

CHAP. XVI.

The grand Point settled.

YOUNG Wildgoose, after dinner, having gone out to pay his compliments to his fellow-travellers and Dame Tugwell; Dr. Greville took the opportunity of opening his commission to Mrs. Wildgoose. After acquainting her with the rise and progress of the intimacy between her son and Miss Julia Townsend, and informing her what fortune Mr. Townsend would probably give his daughter at present, and her expectations in future; he desired to know, “if she approved of the match, “what kind of settlement she could enable her “son to make?”

Mrs. Wildgoose seemed, at first, to hint, “it “would not be in her power to settle any thing in “the least proportionable to Miss Townsend’s “fortune and expectations:”—but, when Dr. Greville said, “that, as the young people seemed “to have conceived an extraordinary affection for “each other, very rigorous terms would not be “insisted upon,”—she said, “that she could
“give

312. THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

“ revive the practice of primitive piety and devotion ; but I am afraid,” says he, “ that there have already, and will hereafter, from their examples, start up mechanical Teachers, who will preach themselves, instead of Christ ; aiming at applause and popularity, to fill their pockets, or to fill their bellies ; to please the young ladies, or the old women ; and bring Religion into contempt with all virtuous and sensible people.”

C H A P. XVII.

Modern Taste, and that of our Ancestors.

AFTER viewing the garden and orchards, which, according to the old taste, were surrounded with high walls and quickset-hedges ; Mr. Wildgoose proposed, “ if he should be so happy as ever to bring Miss Townshend thither, to modernize his place, and lay it out agreeably to her fancy.”

Dr. Greville replied, “ that he would sacrifice a great deal to good taste ; and,” says he, “ as the hills rise very prettily round you, I would endeavour to catch an opening
“ or

“ or two from the bottom of your garden to
“ those grand objects.

“ But, for my part, I prefer the plentiful
“ taste of our ancestors, in whose gardens
“ Flora and Pomona amicably presided, to the
“ barren taste of the present age. Why would
“ you destroy this south wall, covered with
“ peaches and plumbs; and root up these pinks
“ and carnations; to make way for some half-
“ starved exotics, or perhaps poisonous shrubs,
“ which nothing but mere fashion can re-
“ commend?

“ I like to see a grand edifice in the middle
“ of a lawn; and would gladly give up old
“ moss-grown orchards, clipt hedges, and
“ endless avenues, for extensive views, elegantly
“ diversified with groups of trees, hanging
“ woods, and sloping hills. But to think of
“ exposing your irregular mansion by removing
“ walls, and aiming at a lawn no bigger than
“ a Persian carpet, is a prostitution of taste,
“ and a burlesque upon magnificence.”

But, the old clock now striking five, Dr.
Greville recollected that he had four hours
driving to his own house. After settling the
plan, therefore, with young Geoffry, and

taking leave of Mrs. Wildgoose, he ordered his carriage, and departed.

CHAP. XVIII.

Other Matters adjusted.

SOON after Dr. Greville was gone, Mr. Powell, the Vicar of the parish, and his wife, in consequence of a private message from Mrs. Wildgoose, came to drink tea; whom Mr. Geoffry immediately received with his usual freedom and cordiality. Mr. Powell took an opportunity of telling young Wildgoose, “that he was sensible he had taken some pique against him (though he could not guess upon what account).” But, to convince him how much he was his friend, Mr. Powell shewed him the instructions his mother had given him, in regard to a will, greatly to his prejudice, and which he had prevailed upon her not to execute.—Mr. Wildgoose thanked him for the service he had done him; “though,” he said, “he was glad to find his elopement had been the accidental cause of having his sister taken into favour; which
“ was

“ was what he always desired.” He then confessed, “ that he had taken some little prejudice against the Vicar, upon a very trifling occasion : but that it had pleased God lately to open his eyes ; and that a weight of gloom had, he did not know how, been removed from his mind : and he hoped they should, for the future, live together in their usual friendship and good understanding.”

The news of Tugwell’s return being likewise soon spread about the parish, Jerry and his son were visited, that very evening, by every man, woman, and child, in the village ; except by his rival in trade, the other Shoemaker ; and by Dorothy’s nearest neighbour, the Blacksmith’s wife. Their mutual emulation will account for the conduct of the former ; and a jealousy of a particular kind in the Blacksmith’s wife for that of the latter.

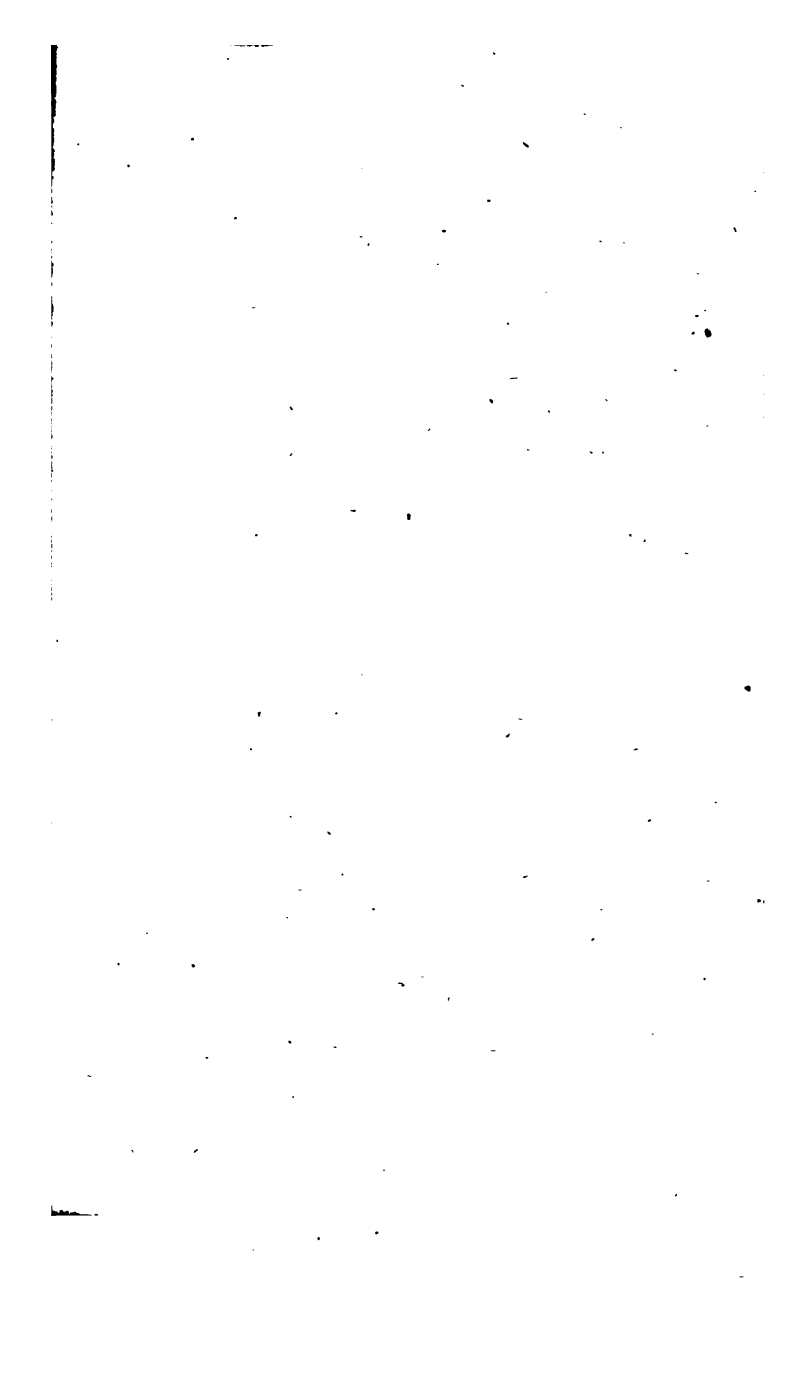
Mrs. Enville, it seems, valued herself upon her family ; her grand-father, by her mother’s side, having been a Supervisor : yet, by her extravagance and want of oeconomy, she was become much inferior in her circumstances to Dorothy Tugwell ; and whilst the latter was saluted by the respectable appellation of *Dame* Tugwell, the former was dwindled down from

Mrs. Enville to plain Betty. When, therefore, she was told of Jerry's return, she received the news with a sullen, contemptuous silence; and, when it was added, "that he had brought "his pocket full of silver and gold," she only said, "it was well if he came honestly by it."

When Jerry came to examine the state of his shop, he found an accumulation of business upon his hands — old shoes, which wanted variety of repair, and which Dorothy had taken in, under a daily expectation of Jerry's return. But he was so full of his late journey, and so much embarrassed in answering questions put to him from every quarter, that it was in vain to think of business for that night. And Dorothy was so deeply engaged with her son Joseph, and so well satisfied with the cash that Jerry had thrown into her lap (he having only reserved a *new* shilling to himself, for *antickity's* sake, which was Jerry's word for *curiosity*); Dorothy, I say, was in such harmonious spirits, that she connived at Jerry's keeping holiday for that evening.

But the next morning, when Dorothy got up to her spinning, having locked up Jerry's best waistcoat, she sent him to his stall, with a grave rebuke, "that it was high time to settle
" to

“ to business again, and leave off preaching,
 “ and rambling about the country.” And, though Jerry’s shop was the general rendezvous, every evening, for a week after his return, Dorothy watched him narrowly, and kept him close to his work. And Jerry himself, having satisfied his curiosity, and being handsomely rewarded by Mr. Wildgoose for his trouble, seemed very well contented to spend the rest of his days in his own shop, and in his own chimney-corner.





CONCLUSION.

MR. Geoffry Wildgoose and his trusty friend having now finished their Summer's Ramble, and we having fulfilled our engagements to our Readers; we might fairly enough dismiss them, without any further ceremony: especially as the Reader probably may not be very deeply interested in the affairs of an Hero, who meets with no other adventures than what any man might expect to meet with, who travels through a country that is under a regular Civil Government, and in an age which appears to be under the direction of a general Providence.

But, as this History may probably be banished from the circles of the polite, to some remote province, for the winter-evening's

P 4

amusement:

amusement of some artless nymph, Chloe or Rosalind, whose curiosity is not yet grown callous, by a constant intercourse with the marvellous vicissitudes which abound in modern romance; methinks I hear poor Rosalind exclaiming, "Oh! I long to know, whether Miss Julia and young Wildgoose made a match of it at last!"

Now, as I own myself to be nothing at a temptation, and could never withstand the charms of youth and innocence—in spite of the practice of Virgil, or the precepts of ancient Critics, who are for leaving many things to be supplied by the Reader's imagination—I am determined, I say, to gratify the Ladies' curiosity with a peep behind the curtain, and inform them of a few subsequent particulars.

That Mr. Wildgoose, having equipped himself, not in pea-green or pompadour, but in a plain drap-coat, with a crimson-satin waistcoat, laced with gold, peeping modestly from under it, mounted his chesnut gelding; and, attended by young Tugwell, whose military air, and the flavour of a brass button added to his brown coat, gave him a tolerably smart appearance (though Mrs. Wildgoose would not yet consent to his having a livery)—thus

equipped, young Wildgoose waited on Miss Julia Townsend, at her father's house in ———shire; where, by the mediation of Dr. Greville and his Lady, a match was soon concluded upon; and, after another visit or two, solemnized at Mr. Townsend's in the Christmas holidays.

That Mrs Wildgoose, having fitted up a sort of a neat cottage for herself, resigned the mansion-house to her son Wildgoose and his Lady; where they now live together, with as much felicity as this life is capable of: yet no more than what every contented unambitious couple may be sure of obtaining, who study to make each other happy; and whose expectations are not disappointed by the vain hopes of complete happiness in this world; or who do not fatigue themselves in the constant pursuit of violent and immoderate pleasures, in a state of existence where ease and tranquillity are the highest enjoyment allotted them.

Mr. Wildgoose keeps as much of his estate in his hands as will employ a pair of horses and two servants; and heartily concurs with Mr. Powell, both by his example and persuasion, to countenance industry and sobriety in the parish;

